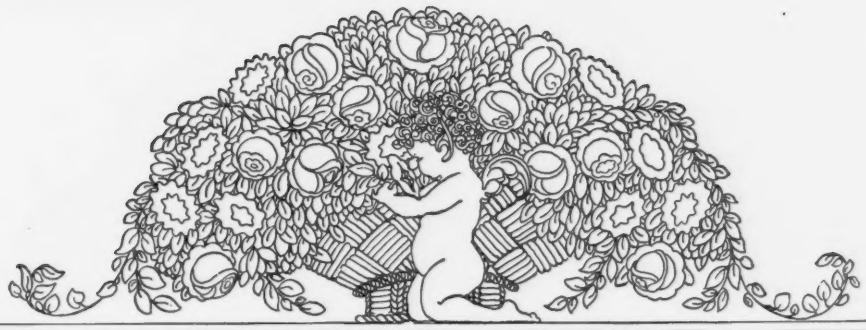

Volume VIII
Number VI

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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MADE IN U. S. A.

As quick to restore energy as sleep itself

KEEP HER ENERGY ALWAYS BUBBLING

HUNGRY. Hungry. *Really hungry!* Little legs have scampered many happy miles since breakfast. Now little appetites are anything but little—though it is only 11.00 o'clock.

No wonder! So much energy scattered to the winds. Energy that must be built up again—*quickly*.

Of course sleep would do it. But 11.00 A. M. is no time for healthy youngsters to stay indoors. They need every bit of outdoor exercise and sunshine you can give them. And they need—greatly—in the middle of these strenuous mornings, a light nourishing pick-me-up to replace the gay energies spent in play.

They need just such a food as Borden's energy-developing Chocolate Malted Milk. Healthful, delicious. Easy to digest. A glass of it effectively yields new energy—just as does a restful sleep!

For it is practically a complete meal in itself. Made from nourishing wheat and barley grains and *whole* milk with all the rich cream left in, it contains the vital food elements that growing bodies need. Tissue-building proteins, energy-making carbohydrates, bone-producing lime salts, precious vitamins.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk is an energy-making food that children love and need

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk is especially useful for children who are growing fast. No matter how abundant their regular meals, these children need *extra* between-meal nourishment. Without it they may grow fretful, languid, tired-all-the-time. No zest for play.

To grow too fast is an enormous drain on young vitality. You will find doctors frequently prescribing Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk daily for these children. Energy-food makes energy.

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But whether your child is sturdy or a bit underweight and irritable—Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk is always good. Mid-morning, mid-afternoon and at bedtime—when legs and nerves are weary—as well as with regular meals. You will find it at your grocer's or your druggist's.

☆ *If your child has suddenly started to grow like Jack's Beanstalk, adding half-inches almost under your eyes, ask your family doctor whether a glass or two of Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk won't help tremendously to make young strength keep pace with the fast-growing frame. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York City* ☆

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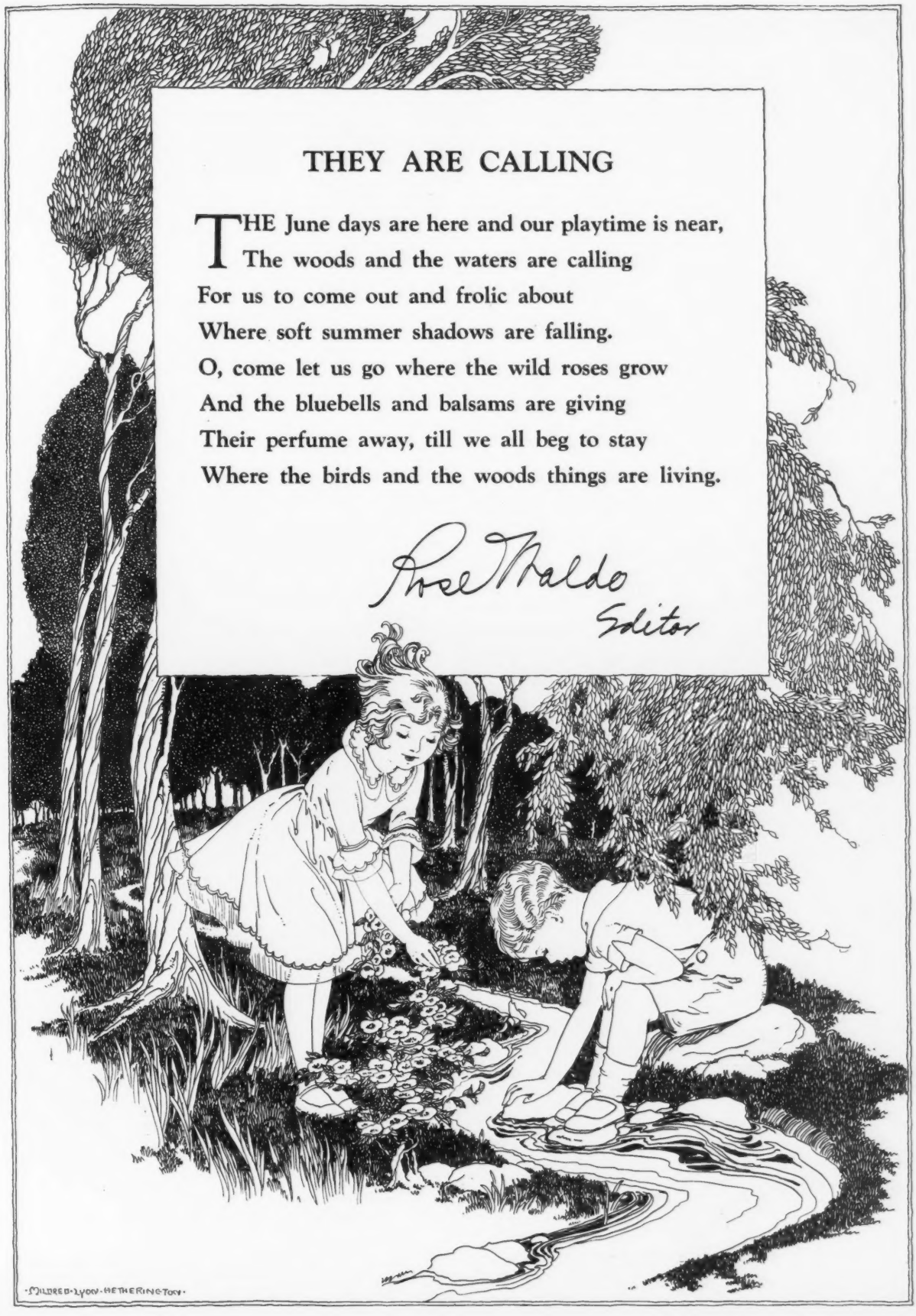
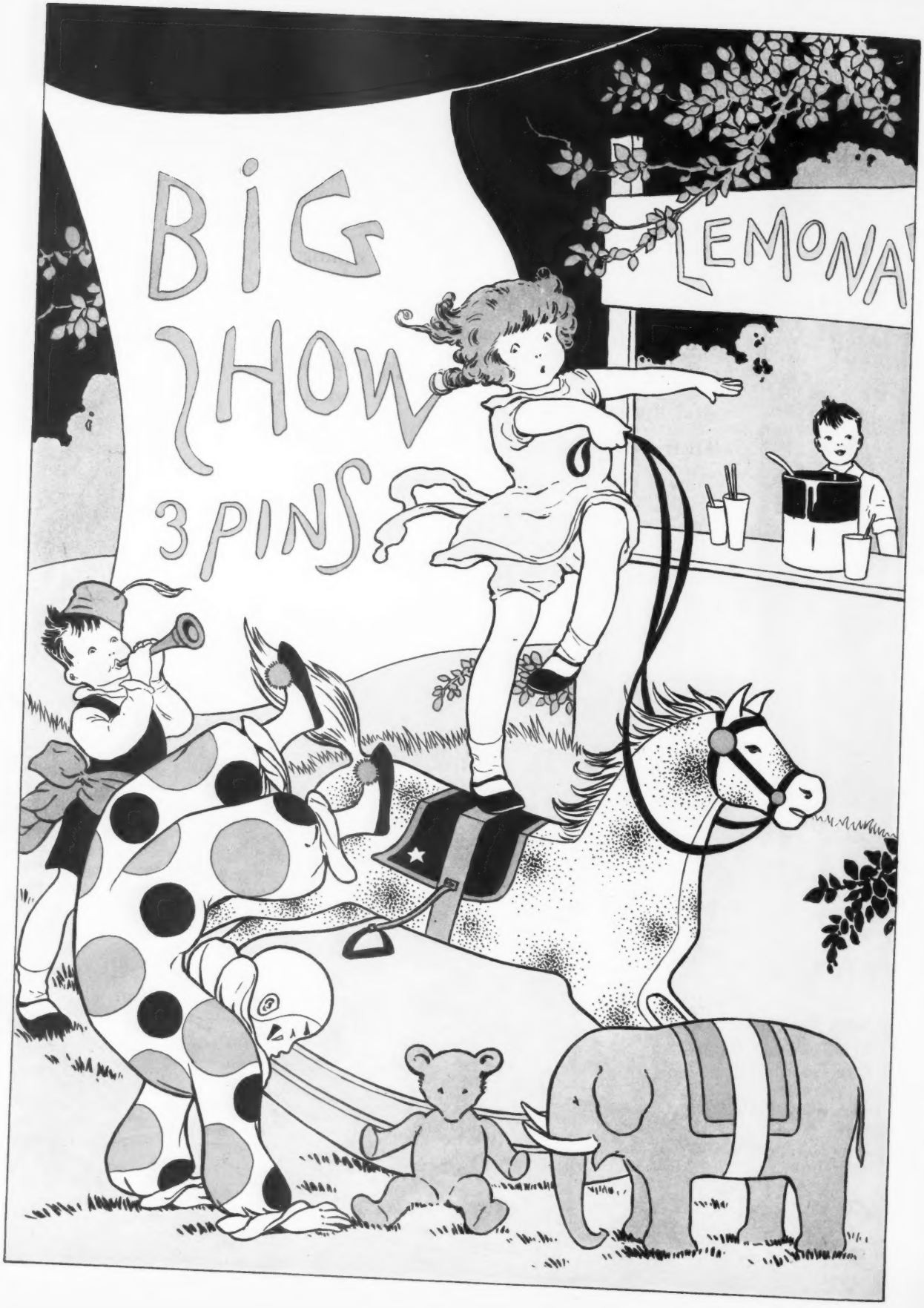


THEY ARE CALLING

THE June days are here and our playtime is near,
The woods and the waters are calling
For us to come out and frolic about
Where soft summer shadows are falling.
O, come let us go where the wild roses grow
And the bluebells and balsams are giving
Their perfume away, till we all beg to stay
Where the birds and the woods things are living.

Rose Waldo
Editor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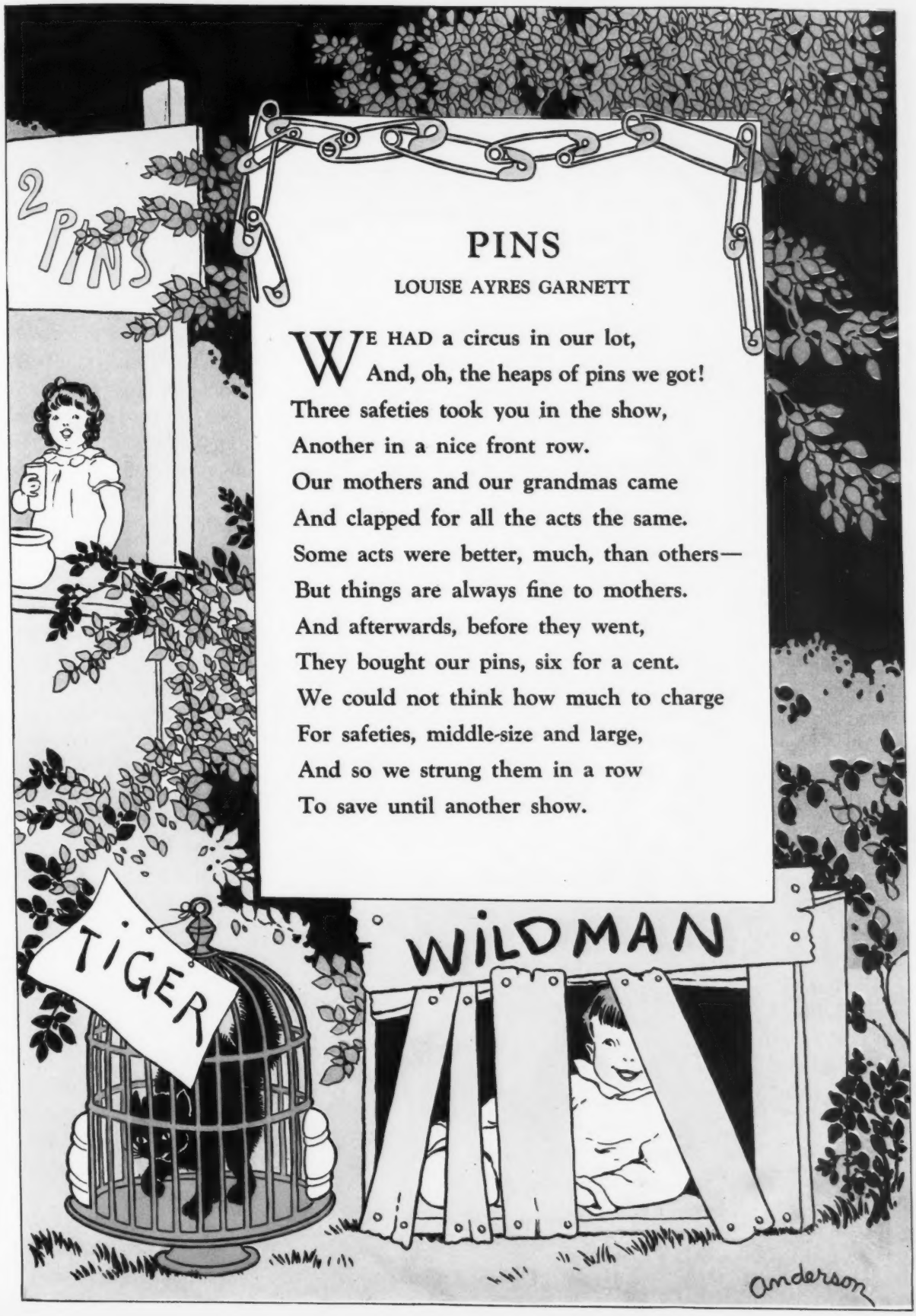


PINS

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

WE HAD a circus in our lot,
And, oh, the heaps of pins we got!
Three safeties took you in the show,
Another in a nice front row.
Our mothers and our grandmas came
And clapped for all the acts the same.
Some acts were better, much, than others—
But things are always fine to mothers.
And afterwards, before they went,
They bought our pins, six for a cent.
We could not think how much to charge
For safeties, middle-size and large,
And so we strung them in a row
To save until another show.

THE LONGEST DAY OF THE YEAR

By HELEN A. MONSELL

ONE early morning in June Paddy Bear and his mother were picking berries to can. It was hot work, and Paddy couldn't help thinking how much more fun it would be to be playing with Betty Squirrel down by the brook.

"I wish I could do just what I wanted to for a whole day, once," he grumbled to his mother.

Mother Bear picked up her huge pail and started for the blue-black cave. "Well," she said, "maybe we might fix it so you could."

"Really?" cried Paddy Bear. "Wouldn't that be fun? Oh, Mother, I know! To-morrow is the longest day in the year. Our calendar says so. Please, *please* let me do just what I want to all day that day."

"All right," said Mother Bear, "but you had better decide beforehand exactly what you want to do, so that when the longest day comes, you won't waste any time."

"That's a good idea," said Paddy. "I expect maybe I had better practice first, don't you?"

All that morning he played his favorite games, trying to decide which he would rather play when the longest day came. He rubbed the skin off his paws, though, climbing trees, and when he played ball with his pine cones, one of them bounced back and hit him in the eye. He started to go wading in the brook, but stubbed his toe on a sharp rock, and hurt himself badly. By lunch time, he was tired and cross.

JUST BEING LAZY

"I don't believe that playing is much fun, anyway," he told himself. "It is nicer to lie around and do nothing. I think I'll just be lazy all day long to-morrow. Maybe I had better practice that for a while, too, though."

Then he went out in front of the blue-black cave, and stretched himself out in the shade of the big pine tree. For a while, it was very pleasant, indeed, but soon he began to get tired of lying still. The sun kept shining through little places between the pine needles and getting into his eyes. Finally his head began to ache a little from the glare.

"My!" thought Paddy Bear. "Just being lazy isn't much fun either. What *shall* I do to-morrow to have a good time?"

Just then Mother Bear called him. She seemed very pleased about something, and had quite forgotten he was practicing what he should do the next day. "Look, Paddy," she said. "You know how, when Daddy Bear comes home at night all tired out, he often wishes he had a little den just big enough for him to crawl into, so that he could rest for a while. Well, do you know, since the last rain the wall on this side of the cave has become so soft that I believe you and I could

dig him out a little den ourselves. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"Oh my, me!" cried Paddy Bear. "Let's start in right now. Won't Daddy be surprised and pleased?"

They worked very, very hard, but the wall wasn't quite as soft as they thought it would be, so that, before they were even half through, it was time for Daddy to come home. Mama Bear stopped digging, and began to shake the earth from her claws.

"We'll have to stop now," she told Paddy, "but we'll pile some branches in front of the hole we've made, so that he won't see it at all."

"And then we can finish to-morrow," said Paddy.

"Oh, no," answered Mama Bear, "because to-morrow is the longest day in the year, and you are going to do just what you want to all day."

"But, why this *is* just what I want to do!" cried Paddy. "Please, please, Mother, let's go right on with it. I don't want to wait till day after to-morrow."

So all through the longest day in the year, Paddy worked with his mother, digging the den for Daddy Bear. After they had made it big enough, they carried all the earth away which they had dug out. Then they cut down pine boughs out in the woods and lined the little den with them so that there would be a nice soft bed for Daddy Bear to lie on. The sun was going down behind the trees by the time everything was finished, and Mother Bear just had time to wash her paws and get a clean apron on by the time Daddy Bear got home, after a long and hard day's work.

"Now close your eyes,
And you'll get a surprise!"

Paddy Bear sang to his daddy. Daddy Bear closed his eyes tight just as he was told, for he thought that something nice was about to happen; and Paddy took him by the paw and led him until he stood right in front of the new den.

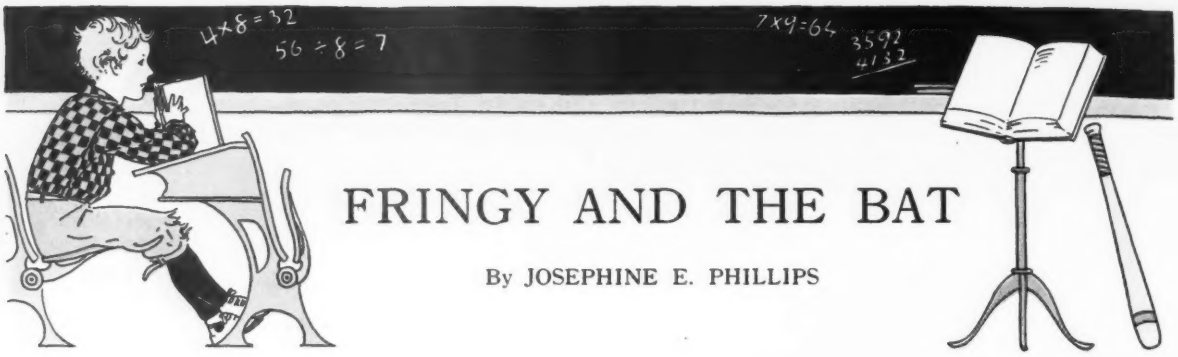
"OPEN YOUR EYES!" CRIED PADDY

"Open your eyes!" cried Paddy, and when Daddy opened his eyes, he was just the most surprised bear on that whole mountain! Yes, he was.

"It is the finest surprise I ever had in my life," he told Paddy and Mama Bear. All three of them crawled into the den together just to see how comfortable the nice soft bed of pine boughs really felt.

"And just to think," said Daddy Bear, "that you two have been working hard like this for me all day on the longest day of the year."

"Why," cried Paddy Bear, "it hasn't seemed like a long day at all. Yesterday felt awfully long while I was playing, and when I was just lying around doing nothing, it was worse still. But to-day, I've just had the *best* time, the very best time I *ever* had. Isn't that funny?"



FRINGY AND THE BAT

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

IF FRINGY'S eyes did gleam more brightly, it was only for a second. He slumped again in his seat and surveyed the teacher through half-shut lids. There was indifference in the set of his shoulders, pugnacity in the set of his jaw.

That was a Lanford bat that the teacher held up. How in the world did the teacher know that the one thing he wanted most these days was a Lanford bat? The teacher was no slouch. Did she offer her boys a new whisk broom or a new umbrella, for looking nice on Special Exercises Day? She did not. She offered them a bat. It was no slouch of a bat, either. It was a Lanford bat. But how in the world did the teacher know that Lanford bats were the only kind a boy would be really proud to own? You had to hand it to her.

Not that Fringy hoped or wanted to own that particular bat. He smiled scornfully to himself at the very idea. A boy must brush his teeth and shine his shoes and have his hair combed and his best clothes on, the day of Special Exercises, if he were to get that bat!

Fringy rumpled his scraggly curls and grinned with assurance. By Friday they'd be longer. He'd often wondered whether he owed his nickname to his untidy hair or to the chronic state of his trouser knees. In either case, he was proud of it.

From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Johnny Mayberry, diagonally across the aisle. Johnny's face was already flushed with the joy of anticipation. Fringy snorted disapproval. Johnny's teeth were always brushed. His shoes and ears always shone. Of course, he would win that good bat, probably get hurt with it, too. One with a swing to it. A little chap like Johnny ought to be satisfied to wallop any old stick around.

"Especially I am hoping to interest some of the boys who have been growing careless lately—" Miss Dale was saying.

Fringy felt that she was looking at him. He felt, also, the softly accusing eyes of Virginia Mann—two aisles over—upon him.

Girls! He'd show them! Indeed, a slow burning sensation around his ears made him realize that he was showing them one of the things he most detested, a blush. Quickly he drew forth his geography book and lost himself behind the broad expanse of the North American Continent.

Fringy could hardly wait for Friday to come. There would be recitations and a flag drill and singing, with many of

the parents visiting. It wasn't that he really wanted to disgrace his teacher by the appearance he planned to make, but he did want to show John Mayberry and any girls that might possibly be interested—he didn't name any, even to himself—how much, that is, how little, he cared for that bat.

The beautiful lines of it! His eyes often sped, during study period, to the corner where it stood. Second-growth ash, probably. It would never split, even with the thwacks he could work out with it. A three-bagger, a homer, even, with a Lanford, was no more than touching up a fly with an ordinary bat.

Fringy took a sudden interest in the English language. He went up often to consult the big dictionary, passing on the way the Lanford bat. Once he swung his arm just right so as to touch the perfect thing. The smooth feel of it sent a thrill through every fibre of his biceps. On the way back he managed to caress it again—and it fell with an unreasonable clatter to the floor.

Virginia Mann tittered and John Mayberry shuffled his feet eloquently.

"Perhaps you had better not make any more trips to the dictionary—this week, Theophilus," Miss Dale said, her blue eyes smiling understandingly into Fringy's.

The understandingness of that smile rankled. The teacher knew he wanted that bat, did she? Well, he'd show her. He made his plans accordingly.

Everything went splendidly for a time, too. His hair was frowzily long. His teeth were carefully neglected. He worked a greater fringiness into his corduroy knees. And then, to top off with, his mother was called out of town on Thursday morning, to be gone for a few days, and sister Evelyn was left in charge.

Evelyn had always been a pretty good scout, but Fringy was quite unprepared for the seriousness with which she took her responsibility on this occasion. In the first place, she had a fine three-course luncheon ready for him.

"It's a perfectly-balanced meal," she explained proudly. "I got it out of a book. For a growing boy it has just enough calories and vitamines in it."

"And enough jam," Fringy agreed mouthily. "You're a peach of a cook, Sis. I wonder if a second helping of floating-island would upset the balance?"

"Well," Evelyn answered uncertainly. "I'm not just sure. The book didn't say about second helpings. I guess—"

"For a growing boy," he pleaded.

"Well, all right then—and, oh, Fringy! I nearly forgot to tell you. You must run in to the dentist's, right after school."

"I must not!" Fringy's spoon paused in midair.

"Yes, dearie, you must. A child should have his teeth examined every six months."

"Aw, say! You've been reading that other book of Mom's!"

"I surely have, and I'm going to have some surprises for her when she comes back—"

"And one of 'em's going to be that that book's lost. You can just keep me out of your surprises."

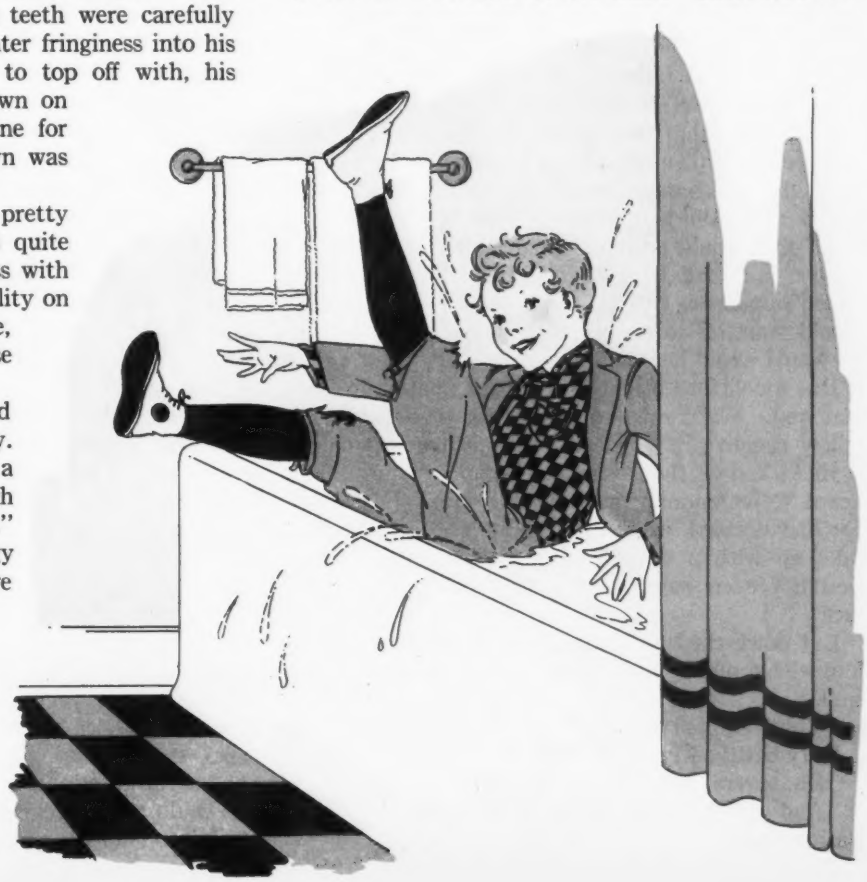
"But, my dear boy—"

Fringy squirmed. For the time being he forgot the creamy pudding.

"You are to be my particular surprise," Evelyn informed him sternly. "I telephoned Dr. Fairman for an appointment at three-thirty. His charge for a broken appointment is two dollars. If you aren't there, you pay him out of your own money."

Fringy spent most of the afternoon deciding it would be worth two dollars, to stay away from the dentist. Yet, two dollars out of a total of three-sixty-four would leave him hardly enough for a start on buying a Lanford bat. And odd jobs and ways for boys his age to pick up money didn't grow on every bush.

Accordingly, three-thirty found him elevated in Dr. Fairman's leather-coated chair. There followed



long moments of suspense, while Dr. Fairman poked and pried about and did a little scraping here and there with crochet hooks and knitting needles and things.

Then the dentist announced in his always-jolly style, "Excellent! Your teeth are in excellent condition, in spite of their neglect—"

Hooray! He started out of the chair. Wouldn't he just tell Evelyn?

"All they need is cleaning," the dentist continued, steering him back into place. "Wider now, wider."

Strange abrasive powders, stiff whirling brushes that tickled his tongue, luke warm water to rinse with. These were bad enough, but far worse was the thought that to-morrow morning, when the teacher asked them to curl back their lips, he would have these gleaming jaws to present. She would surely think she had scored a point on him there. Well, that would be the only one. He'd show her.

Next morning he lay abed until late. Evelyn called him once, twice. If he waited perhaps she would start off to do her early marketing, and so he would avoid her eagle eye.

But a delicious bright brown odor floated up the stairway. She'd made pancakes for breakfast! A fellow couldn't lie abed and let pancakes get cold.

He kicked off the covers and began dressing. He heard water running into the bathtub. Probably Ev had decided, as she did about once a year, to take up with a daily cold shower again. So he wouldn't even have to stop in and wash. What luck!

But down the hall Evelyn, dressed, was awaiting him with a pile of fluffy bath towels and a beguiling smile.

"Your bath is ready."

"*My* bath! My *bath!* How long since?"

"Oh, several minutes. You can jump right in."

"And you can think again," Fringy jeered. "I'll wash up, and that's all I will do."

Evelyn followed him into the bathroom. She was no longer smiling.

"The book says that you should have a warm bath every morning, to start the day right. It doesn't matter if you are dressed. You can jump out of those things in a jiffy."

"I can, but I'm not going to," Fringy cried desperately, with a shove to put her out the door.

Evelyn shoved back.

"You're going to have a bath!"

"I am not!" was the fierce reply. Fringy tried to duck under his sister's arm, but she was too quick for him. She grasped him firmly and pushed him back, back, until he sat on the edge of the tub.

Suddenly, with a chuckle, the boy stopped resisting. He plunged over backwards, clothes and all, into the well-filled tub.

It was a fine joke. When he had finished laughing he opened his eyes and saw his sister still standing there, relentless.

"Now, young man, you *will* take a bath. And when you're through scrubbing, you can put on your best suit. I'll have it laid out for you. There are Special Exercises or something to-day, anyhow, aren't there? And if you don't hurry, you won't get a single pancake or a bite of maple syrup."

Fringy's groans and cajolings were of no avail. Evelyn went out, slamming the door.

Some quarter of an hour later Fringy emerged and descended the stairs.

"Looking like a birthday party. Looking like Johnny Mayberry," he told himself, with a glance in the mirror.

His blue serge suit was in sharp contrast to the ragged corduroys and red lumberjacket, still soaking in the tub upstairs. And his hair, which he had intended to leave dry and unruly, was plastered slick to his scalp. It would curl, oh, beautifully, before the morning was over. And there was nothing he could do to prevent it.

Just one of his cherished plans remained unshat-

[*Continued on page 308*]

BURIED-TREASURE HOUSE

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Mab and Gerald Jordan are visiting their old friends, Aunt Martha and Captain Jerry Thompson, at Bayside. The only thing which mars their happiness here is the discovery that the old couple have less money than they need to live comfortably. Aunt Martha's chance remark that she wishes Captain Jerry's dead brother, Willie, had left them the fortune he promised them, arouses the children's curiosity. One day they set out after clams across the many dunes which lie between Bayside and the sea. They come upon a chimney on top of a dune and discover a small house beneath, nearly buried by shifting sand. They manage to get in and look around. When they tell the Thompsons of their discovery, they are excited to hear that the house is the very one where "Brother Willie" once lived.

PART III

A TREASURE HUNT

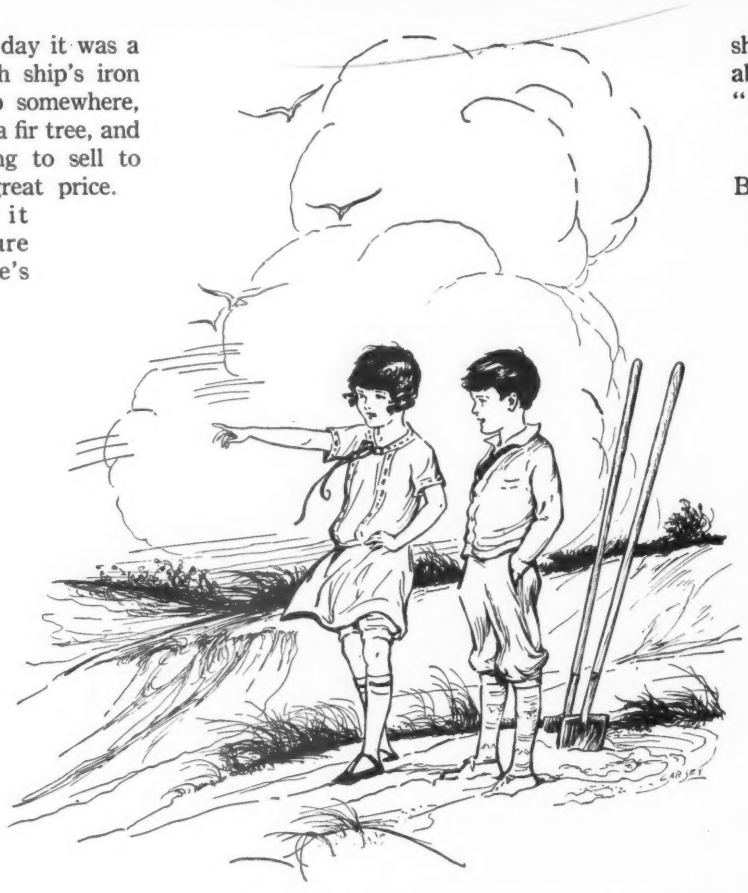
CHILD alive! Brother Willie didn't have a saving enough nature to be a miser!" Aunt Martha laughed, to the excited little girl. "Money always burned a hole in his pocket! Haven't I told you he was always borrowing from Captain Jerry—and a great goose Jerry was to be so soft-hearted and lend his no-account brother so much!"

"But Captain Jerry's brother did say something about leaving you a fortune once, didn't he?" Mab persisted. "He must have meant something by that!"

"If you'd known Willie as well as we did," Aunt Martha laughed, "you'd have known better than to take any stock in his talk! One day it would be some mysterious sort of white metal to be found back in the mountains, he'd tell you about. A fine tale it was, too—how the blacksmith melted a dipperful of the stuff and poured it over the broken tire on the wheel of the stage—and the white metal patch was still there when all the rest of the tire was worn off. That was in the days before auto stages, of course, when the stage was pulled by four horses over the pass from Westport and the wheels had iron tires.

"And the next day it was a lot of old Spanish ship's iron that he'd dug up somewhere, under the root of a fir tree, and that he was going to sell to museums for a great price.

"After that it might be treasure buried by Drake's men or an old brass cannon that he'd discovered. He was always poking and digging about the shore and tide caves under the headland—always telling us about the wonderful discoveries he'd made! But I never saw him make any honest money out of his discoveries!"



"Don't be too hard on poor Willie!" Captain Jerry boomed. "He never meant any harm—nor did any that I know of!"

"No harm except to waste a lot of valuable time on his dreams and fancies instead of earning an honest living!" Aunt Martha remarked. "Why, he must have dug round the cove there for a month after remains of that 'bees-wax ship'—that everybody knows the government scientists, who came to Bayside when they were planning the jetty, said was nothing better than a fairy tale!"

"You'll have to admit people do find chunks of wax in the cove, Martha!" Captain Jerry said, "and if they are natural deposits and not wax off a Spanish ship bound for China or California, I don't see that it makes much difference now!"

"Is bees-wax valuable?" Gerald inquired interestedly. "Was that why your brother dug round for it?"

"Gracious, no, child!" Aunt Martha laughed. "Not little pieces of bees-wax! You'd have to have a lot of it to be worth much!"

"Of course!" Mab agreed. "I bought Mother a piece to wax her threads with at the ten-cent store!"

Aunt Martha threw up her hands and cried that they wouldn't have any supper that night unless someone stopped talking and filled her wood box for her, at which Gerald ran to put the clam spade away and Captain Jerry boomed toward the woodshed, singing something about,

"I saw a pretty mermaid, to catch her was my weesh,
But like an eel she slipped away! You can't hold on to feesh!"

Of course the last words in the lines were really "wish" and "fish," but Captain Jerry always sang them with a long E sound and Gerald and Mab much preferred the song rendered so.

At supper the conversation turned again to Captain Jerry's brother and his little house buried under the sands.

"It used to stand in a right pretty spot in sight of the surf!" Aunt Martha told the children. "Of course, it was out beyond the edge of town, but Willie liked to be by himself. It was the jetty that started the sea throwing up all that sand this side of it. Before it was built, over ten years ago now, Willie's house looked out across a narrow pebbly beach."

"Willie never was happy out of sight of the sea—wanted to sleep where he could hear breakers!" Captain Jerry said.

"What a shame for them to build a jetty and make all that sand come in here!" Gerald cried.

"It deepened the harbor mouth considerable," Captain Jerry told him, "but it just about killed Bayside. A summer resort this used to be, ten years ago, as well as a fishing town. But every season the sand drifts in more and more. Nobody wants to come here in summer any more—with nigh onto a mile of soft sand to walk through to get to the ocean beach!"

"We shoveled the sand away from Willie's house the first few years after he left it to us," Aunt Martha said, "but 'twasn't any use—with the beach widening and the so'westers driving up sand on the south side of the house so fast! Nobody would live there after a bit! So we just brought away what was useful of his things and left the poor little house to its fate!"

"It's sort of sad, isn't it?" Mab said. "It seems so deserted out there all by itself, being buried in the sand!"

"You're sure, then, there wasn't really anything valuable in the house—nothing like the fortune Captain Jerry's brother talked about?" Gerald asked.

"Land yes!" Aunt Martha said. "I brought the things away myself—that were worth bringing!"

Captain Jerry, too, shook his gray head. "It was just idle gossip of the neighbors about Willie having money hid!" he said.

"I suppose there wouldn't be any use *our* searching the house then!" Mab sighed.

"But you wouldn't mind our doing it, would you—for a sort of game?" Gerald added.

Aunt Martha looked questioningly at Captain Jerry. But the old captain only smiled jovially and said, "Go ahead, shipmates! It can't do any harm—and if you find any chests of doubloons, why I'll share them with you!" And Captain Jerry laughed.

Certainly, Gerald and Mab agreed in private, that was all the encouragement they needed to set about treasure hunting.

"And wouldn't it be wonderful if we really found some money?" Mab said. "Think of our helping Captain Jerry and Aunt Martha like that—when they need money so badly!"

Gerald agreed that it would be "wonderful."

Even Captain Jerry's invitation to go crabbing with him on the next morning's tide could not keep the treasure seekers away from the buried house next morning. Two shovels and Gerald's electric flash light, as well as a pocket full of Aunt Martha's cookies, went with them.

It was scarcely half a mile to the buried house, but it seemed much farther across the soft sand of the dunes. No living things except a few white sea gulls were to be seen after they left Bayside. The little town itself was a half-alive sort of place, with all the cottages which had once been rented to summer visitors vacant and falling to pieces now.

It was a bright windy day and enough sunlight came through the front window of the buried house to give light for a thorough exploration.

"Let's look up the chimney first!" Mab suggested. "Misers always hide socks full of gold behind loose bricks, don't they?"

But the chimney proved decidedly sooty and disappointing. None of the bricks seemed to be loose and the only place they could get at it was through the holes where once the kitchen and living-room stove pipes had joined the flue.

"Whew!" Gerald blew, as he brushed away a scattering of soot and sand the brisk wind had just hurled in his face. "I don't believe any miser would ever hide things in *that* chimney!"

"I don't either!" his sister agreed. "The ones misers used must be old-fashioned fireplace chimneys!"

"Let's sound all the furniture—to see if there are any hollow places where treasure might be hidden!" Gerald suggested.

The old barrel chair was hollow enough to hold a sack full of gold—but there was nothing but sand and spider webs in its hollowness. The table top was decidedly not hollow and the other few pieces of living-room furniture proved disappointing.

The shelves in the kitchen, when examined by the light of the electric flash, proved to hold nothing more exciting than a few cracked dishes and saucepans with holes in them.

"Oh dear!" Mab sighed. "I don't suppose there's really any chance of finding anything valuable! Even if Aunt Martha hadn't found it, the summer renters that had the house after Captain Jerry's brother left it to him would have been sure to come across it and take it away or give it to Captain Jerry!"

"That isn't the proper way for treasure seekers to talk!" Gerald reminded his sister. "Besides, we haven't even looked in the bedroom to-day—maybe he hid his money in his mattress!"

"There isn't any mattress—don't you remember?" Mab laughed.

The bedroom proved a dim and creepy region to explore. Sand had covered its window long ago and the light through the living-room door was rather insufficient. Gerald turned his electric flash into one corner of the small musty room after another.

Suddenly Mab gave a squeal.

"What is it?" Gerald turned toward her with interest.

"It's a cupboard—and it's full of things! All sorts of

[*Continued on page 302*]

ONCE UPON A JUNE-TIME

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

Author of *"Little Glad Heart," "Mary Redding Takes Charge,"* etc.

POLLY Bright lived on a farm with her father and mother, and her sisters and brothers whose names were Nelly, Budsy, Charles and Sissy. Every once in a while Polly went to town to visit her cousin, Beulah Burton. These visits were always hailed with great delight in spite of the fact that Beulah was eighteen and Polly was just half past twelve. But Polly Bright had the happy faculty of making herself companionable to all ages and wherever she went she was always sure to receive a hearty welcome.

One day in June when the five little Brights were sitting under the big elm capping strawberries to make preserves, the Rural Free Delivery Man stopped at the mail box down at the gate. Polly was up in an instant dashing down the lane, and right after her raced Nelly and Budsy and Charles and Sissy. It was always a lark to follow in Polly's wake. At the mail box Polly stopped, drew out a letter, and proceeded to read it.

"Oh, you shouldn't do that, Polly!" said Nelly.

"Oh, but I should!" laughed Polly. "'Cause the letter is for Polly!"

And then Polly went zigzagging up the lane with the four little Brights zigzagging after her. Over her shoulder she called, "I know something I shan't tell!"

"It's not three little monkeys in a peanut shell this time," cried Budsy. "It's something really and truly, isn't it, Polly?"

"Yeppee!" sang Polly.

"W-what is it?" panted Nelly, endeavoring to catch up with the zigzagging Polly.

"Tell—tell me, Polly," begged Sissy from the rear.

Polly halted, turned, ran back and grabbed Sissy in her arms and whispered in a stage whisper, "You're sweet as a sugar plum, Sissy darling!"

"That's not it!" cried Sissy, wriggling from Polly's arms.

Polly laughed and ran across the yard and into the kitchen where her mother was making preserves.

"Mother!" she called.

"Whatever is it, Polly?" asked Mrs. Bright.

"You look as happy as a bird."

"I am," cried Polly. Then she bent a roguish look upon Nelly and Budsy and Charles and Sissy, and said, "Now, listen, you Curiosity Boxes, and, Mother—I am invited to cousin Beulah Burton's graduation! Isn't that glo-orious?"

"Well, it certainly is, Polly," said Mrs. Bright. "Why, it's just lovely for a big girl like Beulah to be so nice to a little girl like you."

"Everybody's nice to Polly!" said Charles.

"Go along with you!" laughed Polly. "You're all going to say extra nice things because you think your Polly's terribly important getting an invitation to a graduation. Oh, but, Mother," Polly went on, not stopping to get her breath, "shouldn't I have a new dress?"

Mrs. Bright thoughtfully stirred the preserves. "Dear me, I wish you could, Polly, but you know we didn't make anything in strawberries, and I've bought about all I can buy for you children this summer. I'm afraid we can't afford a new dress for Beulah's graduation."

"What's this—can't afford a new dress for Beulah's graduation?" asked Mr. Bright, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "Well, now if our Polly is invited, a new dress she is going to have."

Polly ran into her father's arms. "Oh, did anyone ever have such a blessed daddy?"

"You mean one who humored his children more," put in Mrs. Bright softly.

"Mother," said Mr. Bright over Polly's brown head, "I am going to town with a load of peas. What must I get for Polly's new dress?"

"They're wearing organdy a lot," said Mrs. Bright.

"Oh, I'd love an organdy dress, all ruffly," cried Polly, breaking away from her father's arms and pirouetting around the kitchen.

"Then it's organdy," said Father. "Where do I get it, Mother, and how much?"

"Get it at Furbush's," replied Mrs. Bright. "And I think five yards would make Polly a ruffly dress."

"Tra la la, tra le le," sang Polly and away she ran to the parlor, and after her ran Nelly, Budsy, Charles and Sissy. Polly sat down at the old square piano and played one rollicking tune after another. Long ago Polly's mother had taught Polly her notes, then the scales, and she had kept on practicing until at last she was playing the pieces of music which had belonged to Grandmother Bright when she was a young girl, and Polly always made-believe while she was practicing that Grandmother Bright, whose portrait hung over the old square piano, was telling her things.

"What does she tell you, Polly?" Mother asked one day.

"Persevere, Polly, persevere," answered Polly, and Polly had persevered, for only perseverance, without music lessons, could have made her master the "Black Hawk Waltz" and, finally, the "Merry Minstrel March."

In the middle of the afternoon Father returned from town. He had selected a shell-pink organdy which sent Polly into ecstasies. Immediately Mother went into the cool parlor and set to work on the dress, for wasn't the Commencement day after to-morrow? Sissy was asleep in the hammock, Nelly and the boys had gone to the orchard for crabapples, and while Mother cut and basted and sewed, Polly played the piano.

"How I wish we could give you advantages, Polly," said Mother. "There is no question about it, child. You certainly have a talent for music."

"Have I, Mother?" asked Polly, with a happy laugh. Then she jumped up and ran over to see the progress of the dress. "It's going to be beeutiful!" she exclaimed joyfully.

"I'm doing my best to make it so," said Polly Bright's mother.

The next afternoon the dress was finished, and Polly, beside herself with delight, pronounced it the prettiest dress she had ever possessed.

"You might think you were going to graduate yourself, Polly," said Nelly as she and Budsy and Charles and Sissy watched Polly parade up and down during the final "trying-on."

"I feel like it," giggled Polly.

Then the next day father drove Polly to town and left her with the Burton cousins. Beulah welcomed Polly with open arms. "What a darling you were to come!" she cried.

"You were the 'darling' to ask me. Mother says it's wonderful for a big girl like you to be so nice to a little girl like me."

"Who wouldn't be nice to you, Polly Bright?" demanded Beulah. "Now, come upstairs and see my graduation dress." So up to Beulah's room they flew where Beulah lifted a dainty white organdy from the bed. "Isn't it scrumptious, Polly?" she asked softly.

"It's beautiful. And guess what, Beulah? I have an all-a-purpose dress for your graduation." Over to her little suitcase ran Polly and brought forth the ruffled pink organdy.

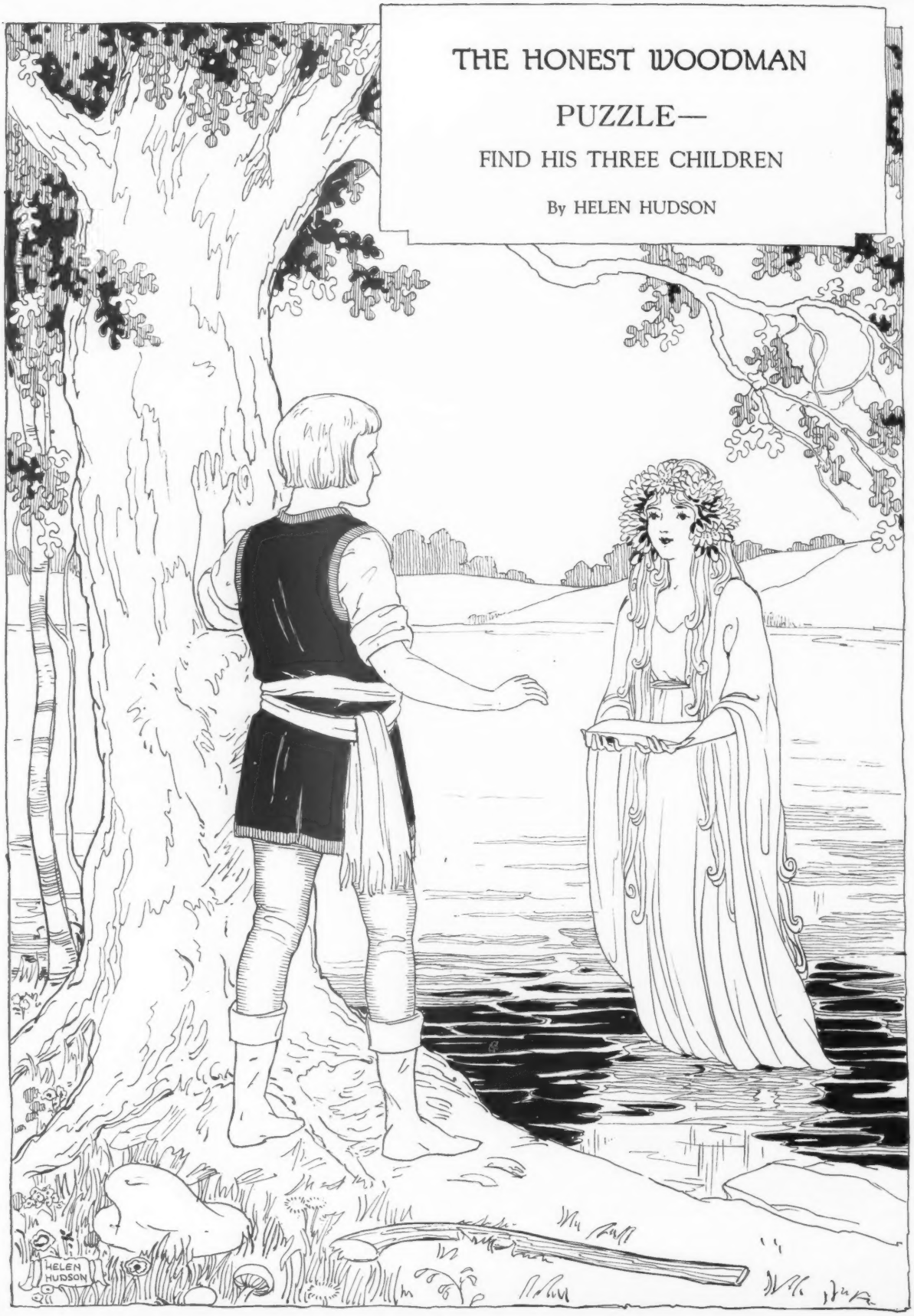
"It's as pretty as a picture!" said Beulah.

[*Continued on page 300*]

THE HONEST WOODMAN PUZZLE—

FIND HIS THREE CHILDREN

By HELEN HUDSON



Mother . . . Accept This Outfit

Build Up Your Child This Summer

FREE—*50c Shaker*
with 3-Day Trial Package
NOTE COUPON

Add a pound a week in weight—Correct Nervousness Appreciably—An Utterly New-Type Food-Drink from Switzerland That Increases Weight a Pound or More a Week and Curbs Nervousness Remarkably—Use Coupon for 3-Day Supply and Free Shaker

YOU have probably heard people talk about Ovaltine; but may never have tried it for your children. The offer below is made to induce you to try it. New to America, 20,000 doctors are advising it.

The discovery of Swiss Science—world-leader in child health—it is credited with many remarkable results. So remarkable that its use has spread over 54 different nations.

It may make your child over this Summer—or it may not—one can never tell. But, in light of its effects on other children—it deserves a trial.

What Ovaltine Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink UTTERLY DIFFERENT from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with "Chocolate" and "Malt" drinks common in this country.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss Scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically every single vital food element necessary to life.

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements (such as iron, lime, and phosphorus), foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of *all* starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeals, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send coupon for 3-day supply and *free* shaker. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Delicious as a cold "shake-up" drink. Results will surprise you.

OVALTINE
THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK

"We Tried It from Curiosity"

MY 7½-year old daughter was about 12 pounds underweight. Then we tried the food-drink Ovaltine. She drank it down eagerly and asked for more. She has gained three pounds already and is taking 4 glasses of Ovaltine a day.
A. J. Rosenstein, 137 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY *and* FREE SHAKER

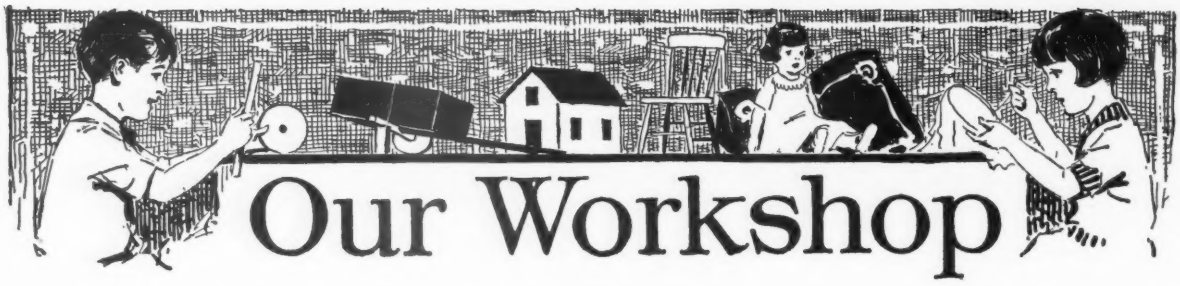
THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. B-9 C
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine and *free* Shaker. (This offer not applicable in Canada)

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....
(One package to a person)



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys*," "*Homemade Games and Game Equipment*," etc.

A TREASURE CHEST WITH SECRET LOCK

HERE is a chest like one I owned when a boy, and I am sure that you will want to copy it for your room. You will have more use for it than I had for mine, probably, because boys nowadays have more treasures to pack away for safe-keeping. The secret lock is dandy. Right away, one thinks that the top opens at the center. It looks as though it did. But that is where your friends will be fooled. Read on and the mystery will be unfolded.

First of all, find a nice box. Perhaps you can get one at the grocery, but there is a better chance of finding a big box at the paint store. It may cost as much as twenty-five cents, or it may not cost anything. The chest shown in the illustrations measures 24 inches long, 12 inches wide and 9 inches deep. But if your box is longer or shorter, wider or narrower, deeper or shallower, it will not matter. Get the cover boards, if possible, or other box boards that will fit or can be cut to fit.

The boards of used boxes are often loose. Examine your box, and drive in additional nails where necessary. But try to drive the nails straight so they will not come through the box sides. If a nail does break through, pull it out with the claw of your hammer, and drive in another nail in another place.

Figure 2 shows the box ready for its cover. Figure 3 shows the cover. It will be in two or three pieces, probably, and the boards must be fastened together on the under side with strips of wood called "battens." The best way for you to attach battens is with nails short enough so they will not go entirely through them and the boards. Then drive longer

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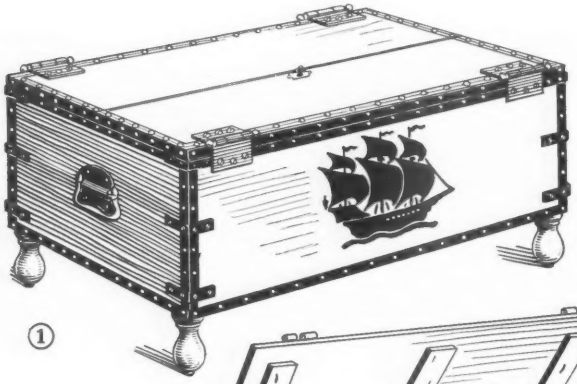

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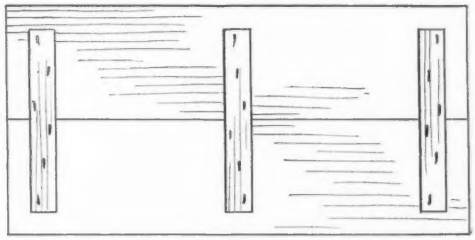

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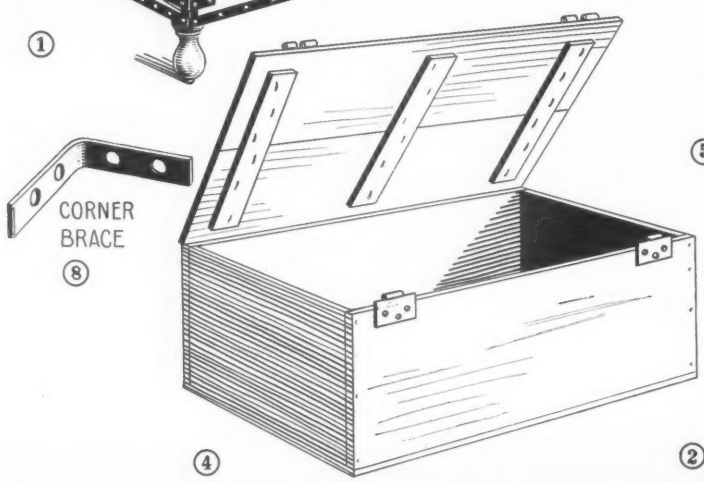

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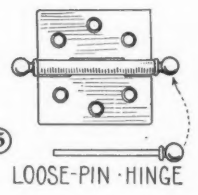

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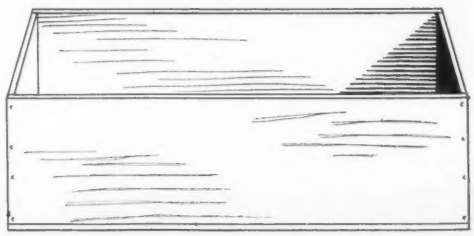

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BOB and BETTY
Visit an Aquarium

"OH, Betty, he's a beauty! Look at him... all silvery bluish green with little golden glints! Just picture him leaping through the water... he'd give a chap a good battle!" Bob could almost feel the fish pulling on his line.

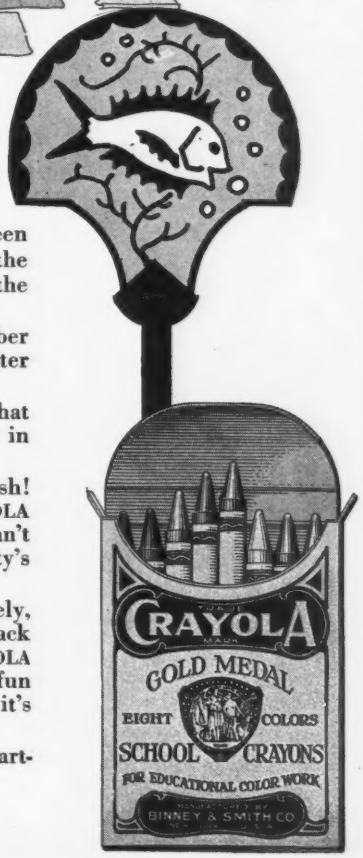
"Yes, Bob, he *is* pretty... and so cool looking... I'd like to remember him some awfully hot day... he just swims around in nice cool water as quietly as you please!"

"That's just like a girl, Betty! But I'd still like to land him... what fun..." and Bob and Betty stood and watched him swim around in the glass tank of the Aquarium.

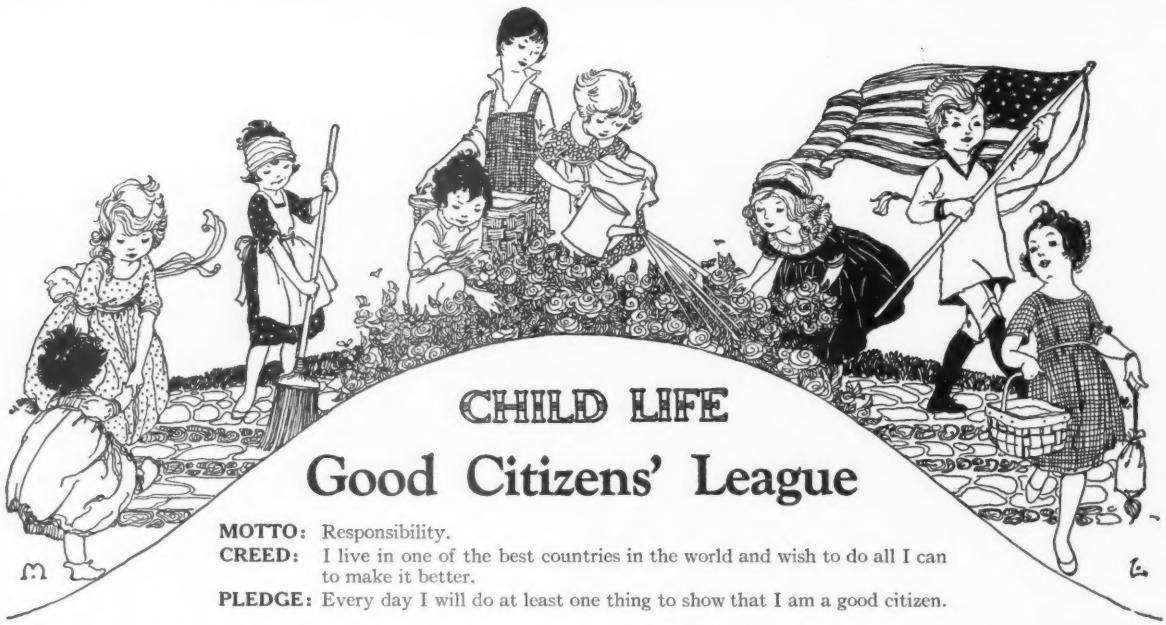
"Bob, I've thought of a splendid way to remember that beautiful fish! I'm going to make a fan and draw the fish on it with my CRAYOLA Crayons!" Betty could hardly wait... and, though Bob scoffed, can't you picture him... some warm day this summer... borrowing Betty's fan for a moment or two?

A piece of cardboard... any piece you can find... will make a lovely, breezy fan. Just outline the fan... any shape you want it... with black CRAYOLA, draw a fish on the back and color it with bright CRAYOLA colors. Wouldn't Mother love to have you make *her* a fan? Isn't it fun to make things with your CRAYOLA Wax Crayons? And, besides, it's quiet fun, too.

You can buy CRAYOLA Wax Crayons at almost any stationery, department, chain, or drug store near your home.



BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

PAYING NATURE BACK

EVERY year the Brocton Good Citizens' League devoted one month to the study of "Nature." This June the members decided that not only would they enjoy Nature, but that they would try to "pay her back."

"We owe the wood in our houses to the trees," Miss Bradley, the counselor, had said, "the clothes we wear to the cotton fields, the woolly sheep or the little silkworm; the food we eat to our gardens, the bees that give us honey, the cows that give us milk. Suppose each of us find some way to pay back our debt to Nature."

The next meeting looked almost like a flower party, for several of the girls came laden with huge bunches. They brought them as gifts to the counselor and also to show how they had started paying Nature back.

"Flowers may not provide us with food," said Miriam, "but they give us beauty. So every day this week I've been pulling weeds and spading up a new flower bed I'm going to help Mother plant."

"Sure, flowers provide us with food," said Bill, holding up a glass jar, with bees making their little humming song inside. A bit of mosquito netting covering the top kept them from escaping, and with a quick movement Bill pushed it aside an instant to drop a clover bloom inside the jar. The bees settled on the blossom contentedly, and the boy looked up with a triumphant smile.

"You'll see how the flowers give us food, when you eat some of the honey we're having for refreshments this afternoon. The bees find nectar in the flower, and if you'll come over to my house I'll show you how they take it to the hives and fill the combs with honey. My dad is letting me have a hive of my own, and I'm reading everything I can about bees."

"I guess most of the fellows are like me," said David. "They're working in the vegetable gardens. I'm going to spend several hours a day all during my vacation taking care of ours."

"I'm going to take care of our lawn," said Ben, "mow and water it and keep out the weeds."

"We haven't any garden to work in," said Helen, "but I think we're doing something even nicer. Harvey is making bird houses, and we're going to try to have a regular bird sanctuary in our back yard. I throw out crumbs and hang suet on the trees and set out shallow pans of water and put guards around our trees so the cats can't climb them. Of course, the birds don't give us food or any-

[*Continued on page 307*]

JUNE ACTIVITIES

1. I fed crumbs or seeds to the birds.
2. I filled a shallow pan with water for the birds.
3. I fastened suet to the trees for the birds.
4. I put wire guards around our trees to keep the cats away.
5. I kept my cat shut up at night, so it would not hurt the birds.
6. I learned how birds help the farmer.
7. I fed nuts to the squirrels.
8. I helped make a bird house.
9. I learned to recognize several wild flowers.
10. I picked no rare species of wild flowers.
11. I was careful in gathering flowers not to pull up the roots.
12. I was always careful in gathering flowers, to leave enough flowers for seed next year.
13. I weeded the flower bed.
14. I worked in the garden.
15. I learned the names of several insects.
16. I learned something new about bees.
17. I watched some bees at work.
18. I started a window box for flowers.
19. I learned the names of six agricultural products of my district.
20. I learned to recognize several wild flowers.
21. I learned to recognize several trees.
22. I learned to identify another bird by its plumage.
23. I learned to identify another bird by its call.
24. I read about Luther Burbank's work.
25. I read about John Burroughs.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and *any good deed that you record will count.* At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your June lists in time to reach us by July 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

FOR THE MODERN CHILD

These new style Minneapolis "M" garments, with the popular French type short trunks, meet the present vogue of short dresses and suits, worn with half hose. Their fine quality fabrics, careful workmanship and perfect fit neither washes out nor wears out. They are economical, too.

Bright colored Sun Suits; maximum exposure with protection to vital parts.

Boy's and girl's cool, French type, Waist Union Suits.

Dainty Rayon Vest and Panties that please little folks.

A Rayon Combination, full of style.

Boys and girls like these French type knit Panties.

This novelty print one piece Play Suit delights little folks.

Smart Styled Pajamas in gay prints and Rayon.

MINNEAPOLIS M GARMENTS

The PERFECT UNDERWEAR *for* CHILDREN

Infants' Shirts, Bands, Binders, Panty Waists, Children's Union Suits, Waist Union Suits, Vests, Panties, Bloomers and Combinations, ... *in all wanted styles and fabrics.*

Children's Styled Pajamas in Rayon and Novelty Cotton Prints of Broadcloth and Pongee.

Sun Suits in Wool, Bi-Knit and Novelty Prints.

When you shop for your children, look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark at your Dry Goods store. It assures full value and complete satisfaction.

Minneapolis Knitting Works, Minneapolis, Minn.

Journeys To Advertising Land

Robert and Ruth Meet the Colgate Clean-up Army

THE lazy breeze tugging at the curtains in Dr. Barcroft's office, and the noises rising from the street in a dull murmur made Robert and Ruth very drowsy. With their mother, they were on one of their twice yearly visits to the dentist, and were now waiting to see the jolly doctor. Ruth's head nodded sleepily, while Robert slipped further down in his comfortable chair.

"Yes," came the Doctor's booming voice from the inner room, "I think Colgate's is a fine way to a clean, healthy mouth. Why, these tubes of tooth-paste make a great old clean-up squad!"

Ruth opened her eyes, then sat up with a start. Across the magazine stand was marching the queerest little army you ever saw! Shining caps of silver were perched on their heads; pink tunics adorned their sturdy bodies; over each shoulder was slung a clean, white—tooth-brush!

"The Doctor's Colgate Clean-up Army!" gasped Ruth, nudging Robert, who sat staring at the smartly stepping army.

"Company halt!" snapped out the piping voice of the leader. "Present arms!" And there they were, lined up facing the children. The leader saluted them trimly and asked, "Are you Robert and Ruth?"

"Yes—sir!" gulped the children.

"We're a special squad detailed to show you around the Colgate factory so you may tell—" But Ruth interrupted by jumping up and down with excitement in a most unmilitary fashion. She was even more delighted, however, when an aeroplane made from a Colgate carton sailed through the window. In they all hopped and flew away to the Colgate plant. The children, proud of their military escort, were soon being shown around the factory, while the leader, Sergeant Whiteteeth, pointed out the many things of interest.

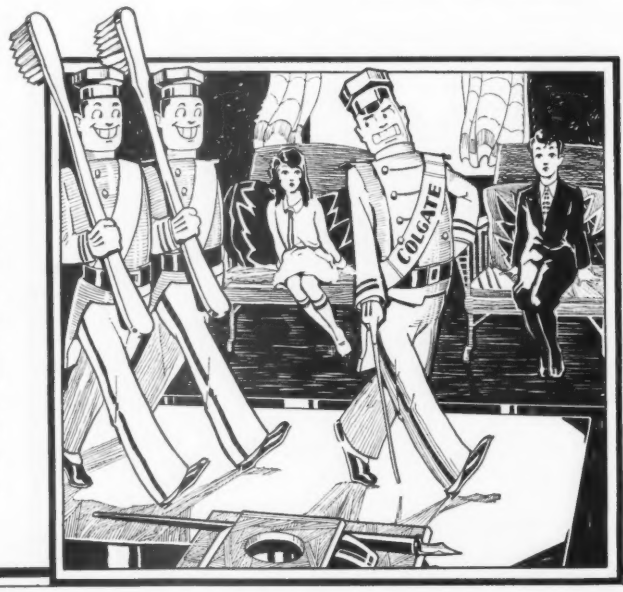
"The heaps of sacks in this room contain pulverized, powdered chalk," he explained. "See the huge, hurrying belt? The powder is dumped on it and rushed to a vibrating shaker which screens out all the large particles of foreign matter. This powder is also sifted through a silk mesh so fine that it has two hundred holes per inch."

"No wonder Colgate's is so smooth and soft!" exclaimed Robert.

"But that isn't all," laughed Sergeant Whiteteeth. "It goes through a still finer screen containing thousands of holes per square inch. In the cleansing foam made by Colgate's, this soft, fine powder will polish the enamel safely, brilliantly, and without scratching or harming the protective covering of the teeth."

"What's in these huge kettles?" asked the ever-curious Ruth.

"That is where the liquid solution is cooked," was the explanation, "to hold the powder particles together. You see, when the steel arms throw the powder against the silk gauze, the finer particles go through, land in these cans, and are mixed in the solution."



"Just powder couldn't make Colgate's taste so nice," said Robert. "I guess you flavor it like Mother does her cakes."

"Yes, indeed!" replied the officer. "Peppermint flavor added to the solution gives Colgate's that refreshing flavor which sweetens the mouth and leaves a nice, clean taste."

(Continued on page 320)

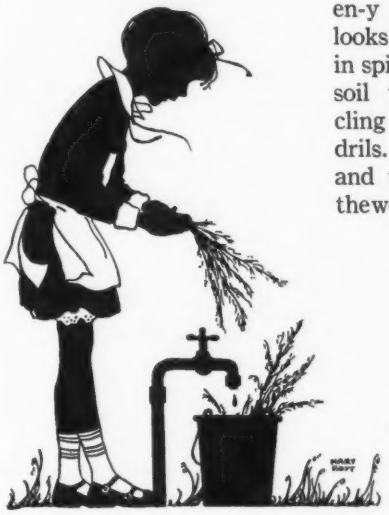
SHREDDED CARROTS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "*Child Life Cook Book*," "*Junior Cook Book*," "*Sewing Without Mother's Help*," "*Jean and Jerry, Detectors*," etc.

HAVE you ever gone into a garden and pulled a carrot from the vegetable bed?

Isn't it fun? To grasp the dainty, feathery, green leaves that wave like plumes in the June breeze and then—*pull!* And there, in your hand is a streak of sunshine—real golden-y sunshine that looks warm and real in spite of the bits of soil that may still cling to the root tendrils. You look at it and wonder how in the world—how, even in this wonderful world a mere bit of vegetable can gather together so much brilliant sunny color when it lives way down in the earth, as a carrot does. It's one of God's marvels.



A carrot does even more than gather sunshine color. It collects from the soil and the air and rain, several very valuable minerals and spreads them all through the tissues of its beautiful yellow root. Now minerals, for instance iron, phosphorus and calcium, seem strange things to eat; they appear to belong to rocks and mountains rather than to people. But we have learned that if we are to have strong teeth, bones and muscles we must eat enough of these useful minerals—doesn't that seem interesting? And we know, too, that carrots, spinach, cabbage and most of the ordinary vegetables have lots of these same minerals all ready for us and so nicely packed away and flavored that we never even notice that we are eating such dry and strange sounding things.

So a wise cook uses her garden these June days, pulling the carrots just as soon as they are grown big enough to cook. And a cook who has no garden goes to the market and buys the fresh vegetables that some other garden has grown and sent there for her to get. She serves carrots—not once or twice a month, but once or twice or three times a week and she cooks them in so many delicious ways that the family doesn't have a chance to tire of them.

Carrots are good when served plain, just by themselves with a bit of salt and butter. In fact, that is our favorite way of eating them. But they are also good when cooked with meat, whether beef or lamb or veal. And they are delicious raw. The tiny ones can be scraped, trimmed if necessary and served like radishes. If you like to fuss a bit to make food very pretty, you can scrape and wash carrots (small ones) and then slash them three or four times from the tip up and drop them into cold water for an hour. They will curl back, flower-like, just as radishes do, and when served on a bed of lettuce and eaten with a bit of salt or just plain, they make a snappy relish and a nice food variation.

Or you can dice them finely and add them to a vegetable salad—these are raw carrots we are talking about, not the cooked left-overs which are also nice in salad and are more commonly used. Another interesting way of using raw carrots is to grate them—for serving four persons you would need about ½ cupful of gratings—and add them to the salad dressing to be used on a vegetable or fish salad. Grated carrots moistened with mayonnaise make delicious sandwiches. You see there are dozens of ways of using this popular vegetable

[*Continued on page 312*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

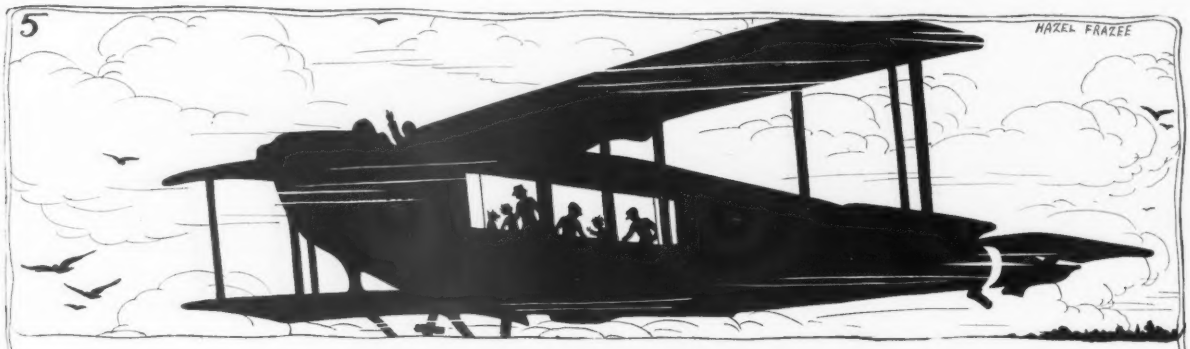
BY MARJORIE BARROWS

It was Dick's birthday, and a business trip prevented his daddy from helping him celebrate it. The chums had a picnic for him, though, in the big meadow.

After three desserts they sang songs, and Dick had just started his favorite, "Oh, say, can you see?" when he stopped and pointed to a speck in the clouds.

"An airplane—coming down here!" cried Betsy Ann. "And a man inside beckoning to us!" added Dick, rushing towards the landing place.

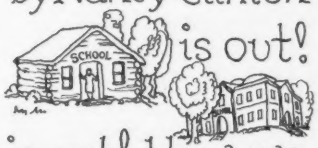
Would you believe it? The passenger was their own daddy! And he was back in time to give Dick and his pals a real birthday ride.



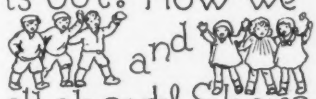
Cloud chasing—oh boy! Even Chip decided that was something worth going up in the air about!

JUNE DAYS

by Nancy Clinton



is out! is out! How we



and all shout! Shove our school-

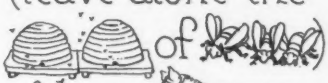
all away, go and jump into the-

, put on bathing-

so cool, dive into the swimming

, swing in

, climb in (leave alone the



of) ride a

at the zoo, feed the

and

too, pack a picnic

and cheer, for at last vacation's here!

What "Tenderfoot" Peter learned from an Eagle Scout

It was the end of Peter's first day in camp. He was discouraged—and showed it.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked Dick, an Eagle Scout, who was writing outside his tent. "You look pretty blue."

"I am," replied Peter. "I can't do anything as well as the other boys. They all beat me today at running, jumping and swimming."

Dick smiled. "What you need, Peter," he said, "is more energy—and more strength in your muscles. And the best way to get them is to EAT energy and strength."

"How can I do that?" asked Peter eagerly.

"Well, tomorrow morning you'll begin with a big bowlful of Wheatena with milk," replied Dick. "It's served every day in camp. We all like it—and you will, too. Wheatena is made from the entire wheat kernel—and wheat and milk are the two best energy and strength foods in the world."

Peter, of course, ate Wheatena with milk every morning, and before the end of the summer he could run and swim as fast as any boy of his age in camp.

Thousands of boys and girls call Wheatena the "run-fast" food. Ask *your* mother to give you some for breakfast tomorrow.

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Deep in June's full health

If ever children should be happy—it's in late June. Warm swirling waters to wade in, all outdoors to run in, fresh vegetables and fruits of fine gardens to eat.

Do you know about cooking vegetables with sugar so that children really like them? This is a wise old country way, rediscovered. Even famous old cooks who could gather vegetables dewy fresh—used sugar to increase those fresh flavors. What is it sugar does? It brings out the natural garden sweetness of the vegetables. It gives "point" to their flavor. It makes carrots have a more carroty taste. It gives spinach an unusually fine flavor.

Try hot peas, country style. Try silver onions cooked with the least bit of sugar. Don't add enough to make vegetables sweet—but only enough to be a high-light in emphasizing flavor. Such vegetables appeal quickly to grown-ups—to children.

You know that children need the vegetables. Not all the suns of June, or its warm fresh winds, or its hours of carefree play, can take the place of the vitamins, minerals, and other qualities in these foods that children should eat. Try the tempting servings resulting from this wholesome combination: a little sugar with the vegetables.

Peas Country Style. To two cups shelled peas allow four tender carrots and a small onion. Scrape and slice the carrots, cook them and the peas in enough water to cover, adding a level teaspoon sugar. When nearly tender, add one chopped onion, a tablespoon butter, salt, a level teaspoon more of sugar—and simmer till the onion is cooked. These are very flavorful peas.

Good foods promote good health

Onions in Cream. Peel and cook ten small onions in boiling salted water with one level teaspoon sugar. Serve with cream sauce made with one tablespoon butter cooked with one of flour a few minutes; add 1½ cups milk, cook till thick, season with ½ teaspoon salt, and a teaspoon butter. Children like these onions.

Spinach. Prepare a quarter-peck. Cook in its own steam with level teaspoon sugar for ten minutes. Such spinach does not taste like ordinary spinach.

Candied Carrots. Cook small carrots in boiling water with a level teaspoon sugar till partly tender. Cut in half, place in baking dish and sprinkle with salt and granulated sugar. Dot generously with butter. Bake till nicely browned.

Sugar improves the flavors of so many healthful foods that true it is, if you flavor with sugar, you flavor with health. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York City.

ONCE UPON A JUNE-TIME

[*Continued from page 289*]

"And now, Polly, what do you think? I am valedictorian."

"Oh, Beulah!" cried Polly. "But I just knew you would be!"

Such an exciting afternoon as it was, with presents and flowers arriving! But at last evening came and Beulah, arrayed for her graduation, drove with her mother and father and Polly in the old surrey to the Opera House where the Commencement exercises were to be held.

"I hope I won't get stage fright," Beulah said with a nervous little laugh.

"Nonsense," retorted her mother. "I bet Polly wouldn't be frightened a bit."

"No, I don't believe I would," said Polly.

"Polly, I forgot to tell you this," said Beulah. "Professor Jenkins, the noted musician who has come here to live, has charge of the music program. We're going to march in to the 'Pilgrim's Chorus' and I'm going to lead the march."

"Oh, Beulah, I'm so happy you invited me!" said Polly, her eyes shining.

The Opera House was a brilliant spectacle of gleaming lights, yellow and white bunting—the class colors—and daisies, the class flower, in every conceivable spot. Beulah said good-by at the door, and then an usher stepped forward and escorted Mr. and Mrs. Burton and Polly to their seats. Before long it was time for the exercises to begin, but there seemed to be some unaccountable delay. Someone whispered that Professor Jenkins had not arrived and could not be located. There was a concerned buzz of voices. But suddenly down the aisle came the young principal of the high school. He made his way straight to the row where Mr. and Mrs. Burton and Polly sat.

Then he stooped over and said in a low voice to Polly, "Professor Jenkins is delayed. Your cousin, Beulah, has suggested that you could play a march. Will you?"

Polly never knew whether she said a word to the principal. But she did know she got up immediately and moved past Beulah's astonished mother and father, up the aisle to the piano, sat down and struck the first cord of that jolly old "Merry Minstrel March" which she had played so many times for Nelly and Budsy and Charles and Sissy. Slowly the curtain rose, revealing Beulah leading her class and the faculty across the stage to their respective seats.

Now, in the doorway of the Opera House, there suddenly appeared the professor. He was very much agitated but very much interested as he stood and watched and listened to the part Polly was playing. At length when Polly finished the march, she rose and returned to her seat between Beulah's mother and Father.

Professor Jenkins took his place at the piano, and after that the exercises proceeded without a hitch. Essays were read, the class song rousingly sung, the valedictory delivered, the address to the graduates given, and diplomas presented. Professor Jenkins played, and then came the invocation. It was over. There was a hubbub everywhere and, the next thing, Beulah and her class were surrounding Polly, uproariously thanking her for the part she had played.

"My goodness," said Polly, feeling pink and tingly, "that wasn't anything."

"Well, three cheers for Polly Bright!" cried Beulah and her class.

"Which I echo," said the professor pushing his way toward them. "I want to congratulate you, Miss Polly, and add that I should like to have the honor of giving music lessons, without any charge, understand, to a young lady who appears to have a marked talent for music."

"Polly," cried Beulah, catching Polly's arm, "did you ever hear anything so marvelous? Professor Jenkins wants to give you music lessons! I know what, Polly!" Beulah's eyes were shining with excitement. "You are old enough to start to school in town, so I

With the last Report Card

Comes the Reward for Merit

THE Add-a-pearl NECKLACE

THE school year had just finished. Betty was bubbling over with happiness when she received her report card on which Miss White had written, "Promoted to next grade". She hurried home after the classes were dismissed and found Mother in the library reading. "Look, Mother, I did it!" she cried excitedly. "Did what, dear," Mother asked as she put down her book. "It's right on my report card—Miss White wrote it—I passed to the next grade," Betty replied. "How proud I am of my little girl," Mother said, giving her a kiss, "and Daddy will be too." A few minutes after finishing dinner they were all in the library when Betty slipped the report card into her Daddy's hand. "I've got a surprise for you Daddy, look!" she said.

"And I have a surprise for *you*," Daddy chuckled as he pulled a small box out of his pocket.

"Why, Daddy, what—" Betty was too excited to talk as she opened the box.

"O-oo-oh, it's an ADD-A-PEARL Necklace. Just what I have been wishing for. Thank you Mother and Daddy, for making me so happy," Betty said as she ran to Mother and had the lovely Add-a-pearls clasped around her neck.

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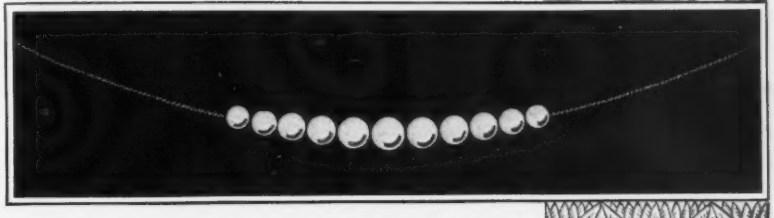

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The Gay Troubadours and the Music of Old Provence

The fascinating troubadours who lived in France during the Middle Ages, and invented stories which they told in poetry and song, are written about with the usual charm of Henry Purmort Eames. Their songs of springtime, about fair ladies, love, friendship, and honor made them welcome wherever they went.

Cautious Creatures—Wild Animal Contest

The first part of David Newell's third Wild Animal Contest appears next month. Be sure to read this story about Grey Squirrel, and then you'll want to continue the contest every month.

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hope you can come next winter and stay with Mother while I'm away teaching. Then you can have your music lessons."

"What do you say, Miss Polly?" asked the professor in his dignified way.

"It would be wonderful," gasped Polly, "if Father and Mother can spare me."

During the ride back home Polly was tingling from tip to toe. Could it really and truly be true? What would Mother and Father say? And Nelly and Budsy and Charles and Sissy? Suddenly Polly thought of Grandmother Bright's portrait over the old square piano, and to herself she whispered, "Persevere, Polly, persevere!"

BURIED-TREASURE HOUSE

[*Continued from page 287*]

curious things!" the little girl cried.

Certainly it was the most promising piece of furniture that they had come upon.

"Let's carry it out into the light—I believe we can lift it!" Gerald suggested.

With one carrying each side of the small set of shelves, the children moved toward the living room.

"Oh dear," Mab panted, "it's too heavy! It's slipping out of my fingers!"

Just then she tripped over the ragged rug that lay on the floor. There was a crash and the cupboard's contents scattered far and wide on the sandy floor.

(*Part IV of "Buried-Treasure House" will appear in the July issue of Child Life.*)

BETTY WENT WALKING

AILEEN L. FISHER

BETTY went walking
When luncheon was done.
And found gray lichen
Hidden from the sun.

Betty ran headlong
After butterflies,
But only caught loveliness
And caged it in her eyes.

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw two posts—that's all;
But be sure to make them tall.

Then two more—it isn't hard;
Make it look just like a card.

Two lines more before we stop;
Then we have a pencil top.

Now we've but to add on still
These curved lines to make a hill.

Then four more that spread out, so,
For great big rays of light, you know.

Then a moon. What can it be?
'Tis a lighthouse by the sea!

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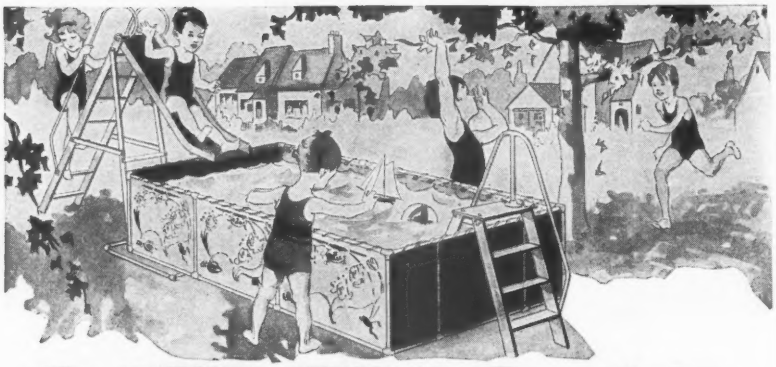

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NEW BOOK FRIENDS

WHEN you go into a public library or a bookstore this year you will find many brand new books by writers whose work you have already met in the pages of your CHILD LIFE. And remembering how real, how interesting, and how well written their CHILD LIFE stories were, you take their books from the shelves and are sure that you have a real book treat in store for you. And you have!

First of all you may discover Carl Sandburg's fine book, "Abe Lincoln Grows Up," and will read about young Abe's days among the cornfields. "In the making of him as he was, the element of silence was immense," Sandburg tells us. "He lived with trees, with the bush wet with shining raindrops, with the burning bush of autumn, with the lone wild duck riding a north wind and crying down on a line north to south, the faces of open sky and weather, the ax which is an individual one-man instrument, these he had for companions, books, friends, talkers, chums of his endless changing soliloquies."

Just as the prairie told its proud secrets to Abe Lincoln, so did the desert talk to Abdul Aziz, Eunice Tietjens' delightful young "Boy of the Desert." A wandering life with the Bedouins brought him adventure aplenty, some of which you have already read in your CHILD LIFE. Adventure of a still more exciting nature is to be found in Cornelia Meigs' stirring book for older boys, "Clearing Weather," adventures during the years following the Revolutionary War with disgruntled Indians, with traitors, and with Chinese pirates on the high seas.

Stay-at-home adventures can be thrilling, too, as many of you who have read Frances Cavanah's ab-

sorbing "Treasure of Belden Place," have already discovered. Here in book form you will now discover Patty and Patsy with the same adventures that you read about in CHILD LIFE, and with some amusing new ones, too!

We have only space left to list "Nine Short Plays," a book that contains "The Clown of Doodle Doo" by Marjorie Barrows and other jolly plays that are easy for you to give, and these other good books by writers whose stories you have so enjoyed in CHILD LIFE. May you have as many pleasant hours as we did with them!

Abe Lincoln Grows Up - *Carl Sandburg*
Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York

Boy of the Desert - - *Eunice Tietjens*
Coward-McCann, New York

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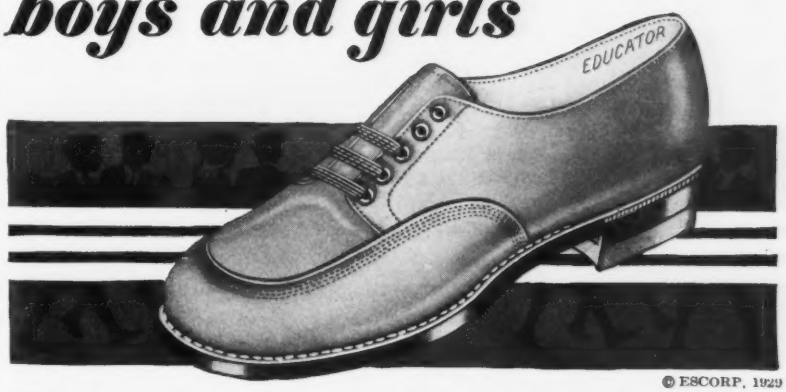

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Barefoot freedom without barefoot risks — For Keds are specially built play and sports shoes that help young feet grow right. *Health* lasts give Keds their snug foot-fitting qualities, and prominent physicians endorse them. Keds' soles are specially designed to grip the smoothest surfaces, thus preventing dangerous falls and bruises. The Keds sole is specially cushioned to take the jolts of gym-work and play from taut nerves and tense bodies. Keds-clad boys do not tire so easily.

Keds are more than ordinary "sneakers." Keds are real canvas-topped, rubber-soled *shoes* — made by the largest specialists in canvas footwear in the world.

Keds offer the most complete variety of models available. There are more than thirty different styles — for every sport and play purpose — for boy, girl, or adult. The prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 to $4.00.

Look for the name "Keds" on each shoe. You will find Keds in the best shoe stores in town. Write for free booklet on games, sports and camping. Dept. K-159, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

At $1.00 $1.25 $1.50 $1.75 *and up to* $4.00. The more you pay, the more you get — but full value whatever you spend.

Keds "Mercury"

(*right*) The winner in the popular-price field and a wonderful shoe for the money. Tough amber-colored sole. Black athletic trimmings and ankle patch. Nickel eyelets. "Feltex" insole. If you're looking for an exceptional value at the price, ask your dealer to show you "Mercury."

Keds "Spor-Tie"

(*left*) A graceful cross-strap pump with adjustable snap fastener. Upper of fancy tweed. Handsome tan trim and tough, long-wearing corrugated sole to match. "Feltex" insole. For girls, misses and children.

OUR WORKSHOP

[*Continued from page 292*]

nails through the boards and battens, and "clinch" them on the under side of the battens. That is, bend over the nail points and hammer them into the surface of the battens. A good way to clinch nails is to rest the battens upon the blade of a hatchet, then drive the nails through to the blade. The steel surface will bend over the nail ends. The cover must be made to fit even with the sides and ends of the box, as shown in Figures 1 and 4.

Buy two pairs of Japanned loose-pin hinges 3 inches square at the hardware store, for attaching the cover. Figure 5 shows a loose-pin hinge. The pin is easily pulled out by means of the knob on the end, and when the pin is out the hinge separates as shown in Figure 4. Place a pair of the hinges on each of the long edges of the cover, several inches from the ends, and fasten them to the cover and to the box sides with round-headed screws.

Now your chest cover is fastened on tight. But you can open it on either side. All that you have to do is pull out the loose-pins on one side, and—presto!—the cover is unlocked. If the pins stick, file or sandpaper them, then apply several drops of machine oil.

Of course, you want it to be thought that the cover opens at the center. The illusion is strengthened by boring a keyhole, covering it with a keyhole plate, and fitting a key in the hole.

Buy a pair of chest handles like that in Figure 6, and screw them to the chest ends. Buy four wooden base knobs like that in Figure 7, and screw them to the chest bottom, one at each corner, for feet.

You will want to paint the outside of the chest and the feet with two coats of paint or enamel. I would suggest red or yellow, but blue or green will do. Then when the surfaces are dry you will be ready to add the finishing touches.

The chest should look very strong. Buy a dozen iron corner braces (Figure 8) at the hardware store, and screw three of them to each corner, using round-headed screws. Then bind all of the box edges with strips of tin, or cardboard, painted black, fastening the strips with round-headed tacks, or paint narrow black bands in imitation of metal, and stud them with round-headed tacks placed about 1½ inches apart. Perhaps you would like to draw a design on the chest, like the ship in the illustration.

On the top of the chest you can tack a card on which is printed or written something like this: "Open Before Christmas—if you Can," as a challenge to friends to solve the mystery of the secret lock that nobody knows but you and mother.

Good Citizens' League

[Continued from page 294]

thing like that, but they bring us happiness and I think they deserve everything that I can do for them."

"Wrong again." Bill grinned. "The birds do give us food, for don't they destroy all the worms and insects that would eat up our fruit and vegetables? I'll say they do."

The members of the Brocton league learned that every Good Citizen couldn't pay back his debt to Nature in the same way they did. Miriam's cousin belonged to a branch league in the city, which made it their business to feed the birds and squirrels in the park and to put out crumbs on their window sills and plant flower boxes. Several of the boys had cousins who lived in the country, and these milked the cows and helped with the farm work. All the Good Citizens, no matter where they lived, took occasional trips to the woods, where they could study wild flowers and be careful of the rare species and preserve them; and all the Good Citizens had opportunity to read about the flowers and birds and to come to a sincere appreciation of what Nature had done for them.

"Well, maybe, we did pay Nature back," said Miriam at the last June meeting, "by working in the gardens and helping the birds and all those things; but it seems to me that every time we did something for Nature, she just did a little more for us. Our gardens are nicer and we have more birds to sing for us and—and everything."

Miss Bradley smiled. "That's Nature's way," she said.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

March Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during March:

David Angevine
Benjamin Bacon
Betty Bell
George Bell
Victoria Bodrasky
Josephine Bonfanti
Lois Jean Bossart
Helen L. Burkett
Gladys Burress
Estelle Burrus
Albena Cammarata
Jennie Cannata
Violet Cannata
Jimmie Carley
Anna M. Carey
Helen Carney
Evelyn Coppinger
Flora Cunningham
Julius Dorfman
Paul Dube
Charles Edward
Margaret Ferguson
Dorothy Finkelstein
Nona Fryar
Josephine Gagliola
Herbert Gandt
Albert Gelaso
Nattie Gould
Alfred Green
June Guinn
Hillis Hall
Rosalie Fields
Kenneth Hartwick
Kathleen Heiman
Ruth Hershman
Geraldine Higgins
Memphis Hollaway
Dorothy Jacobs
Donald Johnson
Mabel Johnson
Nettie Jones
Viola Kanis
George Katz
Lorraine King
Otis King
Louise Kingston
Felix Koselke
Edna Lake
Jean Lett
Gladdie Longbrake
Betty McKenzie
Jacob Mack
Delia Meiners
Clarence Metts
George H. Moore
Eleanor Netcoh
Ruth Nett
Erma Neville
Philamena Ortoli
Irene Overend
June Pacey
Martha Post
John Price
Pauline Radway
Clarence Raschke
Frank Rausch
Joe Rausch
John Remsen
Leonard Rosenbaum
Eli Rosousky
Edna Rublee
George Rush
Helen Russano
Virginia Sanderson
Sanuel Savelewitz
Kenneth Schuelke
Edward Sexton
Frank Sheviak
Nick Shunk
Everett Siedschlag
Willie Stolte
Hilbert Stoltz
Charles Stonecipher
Dimple Strange
Eleanor Switzer
Billy Tarkington
Ruth Teach
Verye Terry
Byron Tilden
Robert Tise
Lena Tuccio
Elizabeth Vanderbeck
Margaret Vanderbeck
Mary Ventre
Mary Vicari
Joseph Volo
Fayanna Wade
Velma Wagner
Myrtle Weber
Irene White
Obera Whorton
Cleo Wiesjahn
Junior Wilbrams
Robert Wittmaack

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NO wonder children take to Colgate's so readily... its tangy peppermint flavor is so thrilling to the taste.

Authorities everywhere recommend Colgate's because it cleans teeth thoroughly, yet *safely!* It contains no medication which may upset digestion or bowels, no strong antiseptic or harsh abrasives which may injure delicate tissues or enamel.

Colgate's contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent breaks into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to penetrate into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

FREE: To Mothers—This Makes Toothbrushing a Game!

To make children eager to brush teeth, Colgate's has made a game of it. The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a reward is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. This method appeals to the child's play instinct! We will send you a free chart for each child and a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.

COLGATE, Dept. B 1855, 595 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City
In Canada Address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario
Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for_____children.
Name_____Address_____
City_____State_____

LET THEM HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS

Playtime is safe time in HOODS

SMALL, tender feet are safe from all strains or bruises in Hoods. The smallest sized Hood shoe for the tiniest tot is just as sturdily and carefully made as the athletic Hoods worn by big brother or sister.

Buy Hoods for the youngsters—*always*. Hoods have nothing in common with old-fashioned flimsy sneakers. They are made with heavy canvas uppers that lend support to growing ankles; with narrow shanks that firmly support arches; rugged soles of Smokrepe or Tire Tread rubber that cushion the feet and withstand the hardest sort of wear. You can buy Hoods with the Hygeen insole that prevents unpleasant perspiration odor.

Hoods are made to give foot support as well as foot freedom. They are made to give shoe comfort, shoe health, shoe wear. They are the most economical shoes you can buy.

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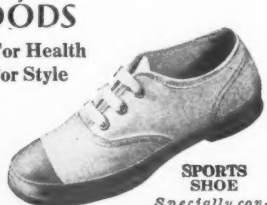
For Wear For Style



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Novel, dressy, cross-strap pump for youngsters. Long-wearing, sand-colored sole.

Look for the Hood Arrow
HOOD

SPORTS SHOE
Specially constructed for the kiddies, providing an insulating material between the inner and outer sole. White rubber toe cap.

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RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS • RUBBER FLOOR TILING

FRINGY AND THE BAT

[*Continued from page 284*]

tered—his shoes. They, too, were his best, but there would be plenty of mud puddles he could splatter in, on the way to school.

He sat down to his pancakes almost happy, after all. His mouth did feel clean and cool. Syrup had never tasted so smooth. The cakes were good. He stretched his legs out under the table and lifted his arms in a healthy yawn. He felt good and smooth all over. Not so bad-looking, either. Perhaps cleaning your teeth and taking a bath and wearing respectable clothes—shucks! How he could swing a Lanford bat, on a morning like this!

He lingered over the pancakes. He didn't care if he was tardy, this morning. Or did he? With a start he realized that he did care, very, very much. If he went in tardy, togged out like the Prince of Wales, the kids never would get over it. They'd think it was dolling up that had detained him!

The boy shot out of the house and down the road. He could hear the first bell ringing—a good five minutes away.

"Hello! Want a ride?" a voice behind him sang out. A noiseless blue speedster slid up to the curb and its driver threw open the door.

A hitch! What luck! He wouldn't be late after all. I'll *say* he wouldn't! He watched the speedometer climb. 25—30—40! What would the fellows say, to see him driving up, forty-five miles an hour?

"That your school?" the man asked. "I like to pick up a slick-looking kid like you once in a while. I could use you in my office, too. Errands. You don't happen to be free Saturday mornings, do you?"

Fringy gulped and nodded.

"Then drop around and we'll talk it over."

"Thanks!" Fringy jumped out, breathless. In his hand was the man's card, showing a busy downtown address.

He walked dreamily up the schoolyard, between rows of schoolmates who knew not whether to jeer or to admire.

"Who's your Uncle Dudley?" called one.

Fringy heard nothing.

Not until he was in the schoolroom and received the teacher's sudden and appreciative nod of welcome, did he come down to earth and remember—the mud puddles he had failed to splash in.

From head to toe, tooth and nail, Fringy was perfect! After he had tried so hard!

He caught Miss Dale's admiring eyes on him again. She thought it was all for her. Virginia Mann, two aisles over, was openly adoring. She thought it was all for her. Johnny Mayberry, looking shinier and smaller than ever, sat slunk in his seat. Probably he thought it was all for the Lanford bat.

"Looks like a chased rabbit," Fringy thought. "Say, the kid must be sick or something. That

white. Wonder what's the matter with him."

The bat lay on the teacher's desk now. Fringy could almost feel the sleek sides of it—how it would swing! Maybe it was just as well that he had missed the mud puddles. Now that he was all clean, he didn't know as he'd mind.

Johnny stirred uneasily in his seat. Fringy noticed, rubbed his eyes, and stared again. It couldn't be—

"Children," Miss Dale was addressing the room, "I'm sure you will agree with me that the bat I promised to the neatest looking boy this morning, belongs either to John or Theophilus. It will be a hard decision to make, too. John, will you please step forward and let us look at you? Your teeth—your shoes."

John shook his head.

Miss Dale thought he had not understood.

"John, if you will please come to the front."

The children held their breath. The air was tense. The unheard-of had happened. John had disobeyed. He would not go up front!

"Sore!" somebody whispered, loudly enough to be heard.

At that, Johnny's head went over on his desk and his shoulders shook.

Miss Dale picked up the Lanford bat and brought it down the aisle to Fringy. He took it in his arms lovingly, like something to croon over. But there was a far-away look of indecision in his eyes. For a moment he said nothing.

Then with a weak grin he leaned forward and shoved the bat under Johnny Mayberry's nose.

"Hey, you keep this," he said uncertainly. "I've got a job and I can earn a Lanford bat in no time now. Besides, it wouldn't be fair. You try to look nice three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, while my being respectable to-day was just an accident—same as your trousers. You see—" he turned to his amazed classmates and explained, "Johnny must have slid against the corner of the ruler, there, when he got into his seat. His trousers are ripped, real bad. But he keeps the bat. And I'll show him how to use it, too,"

Johnny turned his head sideways, and the one eye that looked out over his elbow, over his bat, was full of gratitude to Fringy.

IF I COULD TURN INTO A KITE

NANCY BYRD TURNER

If I could turn into a kite,
A red one I would be,
With stripes of gold and spots of white
And long tail flying free.
And up and up and up I'd go,
And higher yet and higher,
Then down I'd flit, and perch and sit
Upon the tallest spire—
And all the children in the town
Would beg the wind to blow me down.

BOOKS

for Every Boy's and Girl's Vacation Reading List

For Younger Boys and Girls

The Wonderful Locomotive
By Cornelia Meigs
Pictures by the Haders - - - - - $2.00

Boga the Elephant
Pictures and Stories by K. O. S. (Baroness Dombrowski) - - - - - - - $2.50

The Goose Girl and Other Stories from Grimm
Pictures by Einar Nerman
The Little Library - - - - - - - $1.00

The Picture Book of Flying
By Frank Dobias - - - - - - - $2.00

The Happy Hour Books
Familiar tales with gay pictures Each $ .50

For Older Boys and Girls

The Trumpeter of Krakow
By Eric Kelly - - - - - - - - $2.50

Andy Breaks Trail
By Constance Lindsay Skinner - - $1.75

Girls in Africa
Pictures and stories by Erick Berry - $2.00

The Road to Cathay
By Elmer Mantz and Meriam Sherwood $3.50

Lost - a Brother
By Emilie and Alden Knipe - - - $2.00

Books about Out Doors

Holiday Pond
By Edith M. Patch - - - - - - - $2.00

First Lessons in Nature Study
By Edith M. Patch - - - - - - - $1.50

Tracks and Trails
By Leonard Rossell - - - - - - $1.25

Sky Movies

Star People
By Gaylord Johnson - - - Each $1.50

Beginning to Garden
By Helen Page Wodell
The Work and Play Series - - - - $2.00

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YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.

ANN has such happy times! Her joy is never marred by dresses that cannot be laundered.

What could be nicer than her dainty, flowered voile frock with its plain collar and silk tie?

The fine batiste, trimmed with hemstitching and tailored pongee, are two more comfy dresses.

Wouldn't you like some June-time play dresses too?

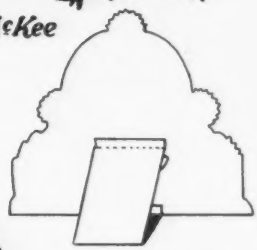
Pattern No: 6480, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.
Pattern No: 5772, 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.
Pattern No: 6473, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

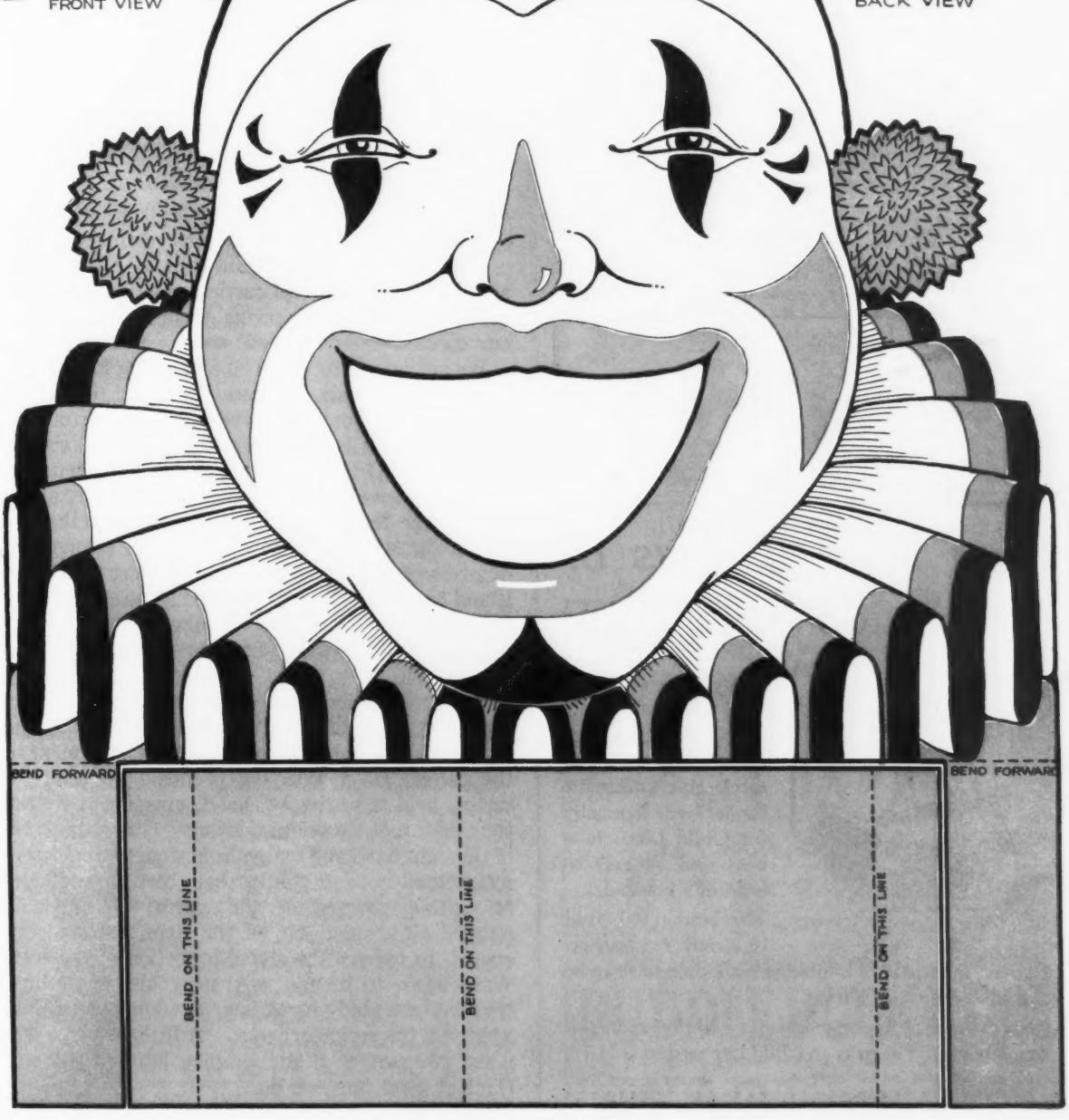
EMPTY EPH!

By John Dukes McKee

FRONT VIEW



BACK VIEW



DIRECTIONS

EPH is a funny circus clown who is always hungry, and it has occurred to the artist that you might like to feed him. He will eat dried beans or peas or peanuts or tiddledy winks. First, mount the page on strong cardboard about the weight of a cracker box. Next, make the hole for his mouth and remove the wide piece below his ruff. Bend the wide piece, as shown in sketch of back view, and paste to the back of Eph. Bend the two pieces forward as shown in front view. Place him on the floor or on a table and he is ready to be fed. As many may play as wish. Players must be about four feet from him and try to toss the food in his mouth. Each time he swallows a piece counts one for the one who threw it. You may make your games for as many points as you wish.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure

"Let's have a tea party!"

DOLL tea parties have a charm all their own . . . and they offer an absorbing way to teach the art of hospitality.

Let the young hostess help to get the tea ready. She will love to learn how to make the dainty cakes. You'll find you can teach her to measure as carefully as you do. While she works it is easy to tell her how the cakes are "pushed up" by *Royal Baking Powder*. How light and digestible they will be!

And, because of its dependability and wholesomeness, **Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder,** is recommended for all your baking.

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Please send me free copy of The Royal Cook Book.

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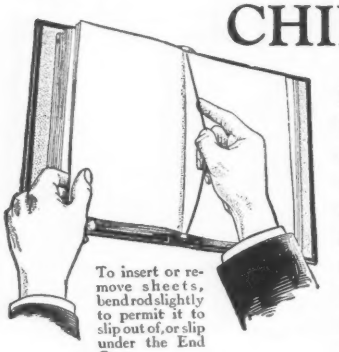
Keep Your Copies of CHILD LIFE



To insert or remove sheets, bend rod slightly to permit it to slip out of, or slip under the End Caps

Many readers want to keep a permanent file of their copies. Here is an attractive and serviceable magazine binder made especially for Child Life. It is neat and as easy to hold as a book.

The binder is bound in a dark red leatherette cover, making a rich-looking book that you can be proud to add to your library.

It has a capacity of twelve magazines—all the reading of a complete year. The price to Child Life readers is $1.75.

CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postage prepaid, one 12-copy Child Life binder. Here is $1.75.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 297*]

and through the summer you will want to try different methods till you become carrot-expert.

But we started out to learn how to cook carrots and we must not get so carried away with the fun of other methods of serving them that we forget our cooking lesson; indeed, no!

We are supposing that you are having four people for dinner and that they are very fond of carrots. You will, therefore, need two bunches; carrots are usually figured with about six of medium size to the bunch. If you get them from your garden, pull about a dozen of medium size. Poke the dirt at the base of the leaves with your finger to see the size of the carrot at the top. If it is less than three-quarters of an inch wide, push the dirt back over it and let it grow a little longer. No use eating up the baby carrots, as they will have just that much more sunshine in them if we let them grow a few days longer.

We always scrape the skin from carrots, as the peeling is very thin. If we cut it off with a knife as we peel potatoes, we will take far too much of the carrot, along with the peeling. To scrape a carrot, hold it in the left hand, grasping it by the stem end, root tip pointing away. Grasp the knife in the right hand and scrape from stem to tip, always scraping *away* from you so that there is no danger of cutting yourself or the carrot. When it is scraped all around, cut off the stem, cutting deep enough to remove the greenish portion of the root. Wash again to remove any stray bits of peeling. Now you are ready for slicing, shredding or grating, whatever the recipe calls for. A little practice will make you perfect at the scraping job and you will think it good fun—we do.

Now with all that work of preparation explained we are ready for the recipe.

SHREDDED CARROTS

Wash and scrape two bunches of fine carrots (about a dozen, medium size).

Cut each carrot into half, lengthwise. Cut carefully, so that it is divided all the way down to the tip.

Cut each half into four portions, lengthwise. Drop the pieces into cold water.

Select a saucepan large enough to hold this quantity of carrots, comfortably.

Put into the pan a cupful of water and bring to a boil.

Drop in the carrots, bring to a boil again and cover tightly. Notice that the amount of water used is very small compared with the bulk of the carrots. We want to keep all that water, so our carrots will not burn to the pan; it is just enough but not a bit too much. So cover the pan tightly and set the fire so that the carrots will boil steadily, but not too vigorously. Every five minutes, give the pan a gentle shake, so that the carrots will not settle to the bottom of the pan.

Very young carrots will cook tender in about 20 minutes. Older, bigger carrots will need thirty. So, at the end of 20 minutes, remove the cover and test by pricking with a fork. If they are not quite tender, cover quickly and cook till they are just right.

Remove the cover and set the pan away from the flame.

Sprinkle the carrots with ¾ teaspoonful of salt.

Drop onto the carrots 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Put the cover over the pan and shake the carrots well, holding the pan over the flame turned low. This melts the butter and mixes the salt, butter and carrots.

Pour into a hot dish. Garnish with parsley or green beans. These beans are especially nice to serve with carrots prepared in this way, because the long, slender green beans mingle beautifully with the long shreds of yellow carrot.

If you find that cutting the carrots into shreds is too tedious a job to do every time, cut them into thin slices, crosswise, and cook them in exactly the same way, as though shredded. In this case they may be served with either beans or peas and be equally attractive.

MENU FOR A JUNE DINNER

Clear Tomato Soup with Small Crackers
Lamb Chops, Broiled French Fried Potatoes
Shredded Carrots Served with String Beans
Dinner Rolls
Fresh Strawberry Shortcake

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of CHILD LIFE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1929.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss.
COUNTY OF COOK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. McNally, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the CHILD LIFE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Rose Waldo, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois; Business Manager, Fred L. McNally, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of tota lamount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Harry B. Clow and Andrew F. W. McNally, Trustees of Estate of Andrew McNally, deceased, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; H. B. Clow, 60 Scott St., Chicago, Ill.; Andrew F. W. McNally, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Estate of James McNally, deceased, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Sabina R. Arnold, Western Springs, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. H. Milchsack, 518 Centre St., Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Clara M. Hohl, 5 Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mrs. June P. M. Chapin, care Whitney Central Trust & Savings Bank, City Bank Branch, New Orleans, La.; Mary A. B. Mackenzie, 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; E. C. Buehring, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago Ill.; Eleanor V. McNally, 1041 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.; Julia Hessert, Drake Hotel, Chicago, Ill.; Gustav Hessert, 536–538 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.; Louise P. Bunts, 550 Surf St., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

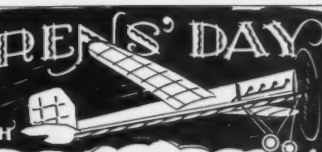
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRED L. McNALLY
(Signature, of editor publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1929.

SEAL M. J. STANTON
(My commission expires December 8, 1930.)

MAKE CHILDREN'S DAY A FLYING SUCCESS WITH METALCRAFT AIRFIELD TOYS



Let Your Boy Be A Lindy

IN THE not far distant days, Airplanes will be as plentiful as automobiles are now. Early education makes for future safety. This is the Mission of Metalcraft Airfield Construction Toys.

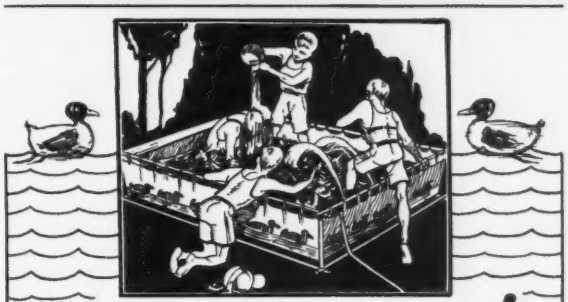
The Metalcraft Flyer, assembled as pictured above, is a sure out-door thriller. It has a 24" wing spread, takes off the ground, flies straight, loops, barrel rolls and does other stunts the big Planes do. It is made of aluminum and duraluminum, weighs only 3½ oz. but stands a lot of hard knocks. Parts can be replaced when broken.

No. 955 All-Construction Set - - - - - - - - - **$1.00**
No. 956 Assembled, except wings - - - - - - - **1.50**
Add 10% to these prices west of Denver.

Book of Instructions is a valuable education in flying.

Buy at Toy, Hardware, Department Stores. If not easily obtained send Money Order for proper amount and article will be mailed promptly, postage paid. We will also tell you about the other wonderful Aircraft Toys shown here and about a new one—a-true-to-life Landing Field. Please address FIELD B

METALCRAFT CORPORATION
5101-15 PENROSE ST. LOUIS MO.



SPLASH!

Yes your children will be crazy about it this summer—and you will enjoy their antics too

PUDDLE DUCK POOL

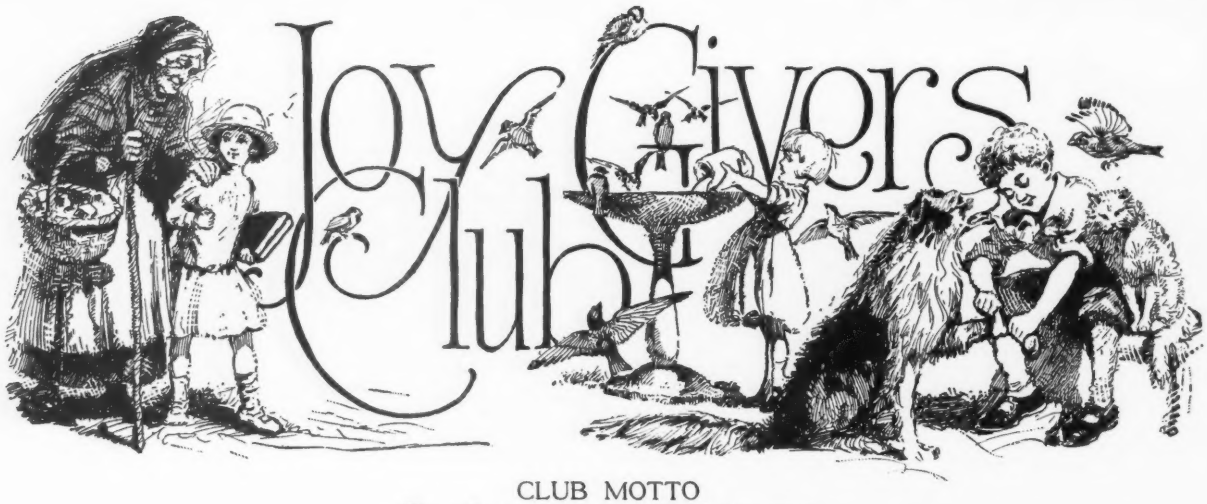
is a portable canvas tank 5 ft. by 7 ft. by 12" deep. Water sprays from the pipe frame supporting the canvas. Garden hose connections are furnished for both spray and waste. The depth of water can be varied from 2 to 10 inches. Shipped to you in a carton.

Your Store Should Have It—If Not, We Sell Direct.

American Wading Pool Co., Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send literature relative to PUDDLE DUCK POOL.

Name.....

Address.....



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE — CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY — ROSE WALDO, *Editor* — 536 S. CLARK STREET — CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SWAN

Pretty swan in the lake,
It is a graceful picture that you make.
White as snow your feathers are,
Your eye is like a brilliant star
Shining through the night,
Swan, you are a lovely sight!

KATHERINE THOMPSON,
Age 11 — North Chattanooga, Tenn.

Dear "Child Life" readers:

Thank you very much for your lovely letters you sent me. I have received so many that I cannot possibly answer them all. I shall gladly answer your questions.

In Italy we lived nine years. We lived n Genoa. My two sisters were born there. My brother was born in Naples. In Genoa I went to school. Instead of having Saturday free, we had Thursday. Every Thursday we went bathing in the Mediterranean. It was lots of fun. The beach has no sand like other beaches; instead of that it has stones. The stones were awfully hot; one always had to have sandals on.

Now we live in Hamburg, Germany. I also go to school here. We only go to school in the morning. In the afternoon we have a lot of preparation to do. It has snowed and frozen the whole winter here, and the Elbe, the river by which Hamburg lies, is frozen all over. I go skating every afternoon when I have done my work, at the skating-rink. It is lovely there, for often there is music to dance to. I have a lot of American friends here. We wear the same clothes as you do in America.

I shall close now, sending lots of love to everybody,

from your friend,

BETTY FINLEY BELL,
Hamburg, Germany.

NANCY LILIENTHAL

WAYS TO GIVE JOY TO OTHERS

There are many ways to give joy to others. Some of the ways are: be kind to them, when you are playing, play happy with them and be happy ourselves and not be whining around and grouchy all the time, be honest, and be peaceful.

CRYSTAL MUNDT,
Age 11. — Raisin City, Calif.

POLITENESS PAYS

A little tramp dog met a nice little cat,
He bowed most politely and took off his hat.
"Good evening, good evening," so sweetly said he
That Pussy invited him home to tea.

VERA SCHERF,
Red Wing, Minn.

A VISIT TO THE FAIRIES

When the stars come up in the heavens,
And the moon sheds brilliant light,
Then's the time to watch the fairies.
It's a very lovely sight.

For they dance around in circles,
Where the grass is green and long,
And while they're at their dancing,
They will sing a pretty song.

And the fairy queen is dressed in green,
And the followers in red,
While the fairy king has a magic ring,
And a crown upon his head.

But now our friends, the fairies,
Seem to melt and fade away;
And we find that we were sleeping,
In a large loft full of hay.

STUART KASER,
Age 10 — Crystal Lake, Ill.

FATHER WOLF

"Let us adopt some children," said Father Wolf. "We have none and they would cheer us up."

"Well," said Mother Wolf. "They would be so much trouble for they wouldn't do any work."

"Yes, they would after they got grown up," said Father Wolf, scratching himself. "Anyway we have a bath tub at the mouth of the cave and somebody ought to use it. We could bathe them and put them to bed."

NANCY LILIENTHAL,
Age 4 — Palos Park, Ill.

A *'prescription'* for child health!

WHEN your doctor urges you to give your children more sunlight, because of the healthful ultra-violet rays it contains . . . clothe them in Jantzen *Sun-suits* or *Sun-trunks*. *Sun-suits* are for older children; *Sun-trunks* are for the very young.

Both are ideal garments for vacation play. Tightly knitted of long-fibred wool. Permanently elastic to provide for normal growth.

Jantzen *Sun-suits* and *Sun-trunks* reduce your children's clothing and laundering expense. See them on display at leading stores. Bright, colorful hues that are color-fast. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen Sun-suit

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS,
DEPT. 59, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Send me free booklet on Jantzen *Sun-suits* and *Sun-trunks*.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

MY KITTEN

I have a little kitten,
He's very, very small,
And when I look around for him,
He isn't there at all.

But if I call, "O, Snook, Snook, Snook,"
He comes a running, too,
But if he will not come, then,
There's nothing I can do.

He disappears and reappears,
Just like a little spook.
And when I look around for him,
O, where is Mr. Snook?

FREDA HYERS,
Age 9. San Diego, Calif.

RALPH JUSTO

Dear Miss Waldo:

My mother gave an entertainment in her school, and I recited your poem, "Our Heroes," all dressed up like Washington. I am sending you my picture. This will show the children how to use your poems.

Your friend,

RALPH JUSTO,
Age 9½ Santurce, Porto Rico.

Dear "Child Life" Readers:

I am taking this opportunity to answer the many hundreds of letters I received in answer to my letter in the March issue. I've received 479 letters so far, the last mail bringing me 64 letters, and each one was so very interesting and they all say they enjoy "Child Life" so much. You ask if I enjoy acting in the movies. Yes, I do, as it is very fascinating work. I have a tutor at the studio. I am ten years old and I am in the A6 grade. That was a real monkey I had in my arms, but it is not my own. It is a trained monkey and played in "The Circus" with Charlie Chaplin. Its name is Jimmy and has a cute little trick of unfastening one's slipper and tickling the bottom of your foot. California is beautiful but I certainly enjoy the snow when I go east to visit my grandparents, who live in Ohio.

Thanking you kindly for all the lovely letters and wishing each of you much happiness, I am your loving friend,

LOIS HARDWICK,
Hollywood, Calif.

LESSONS

First we learn our A B C's,
Then we learn our one-two-three's,
Then we learn to read and spell,
Then we know our lessons well.

MARGUERITE ANN KELLS,
Age 6½ Annapolis, Md.

Hal Roach's Original Hollywood OUR GANG KIDS
Courtesy of METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Turn the handle and blow —*the* ROLMONICA *makes music wherever you go*

THE ROLMONICA—the pocket-player-piano—is a brand new invention that makes it possible for every youngster to produce real music. No lessons necessary. So easily operated, that the tiniest tot can play the most difficult tunes. You just turn the handle at the side and blow through the mouth-piece. A little music roll inside the case—made just like the regular player-piano rolls—produces any selected piece.

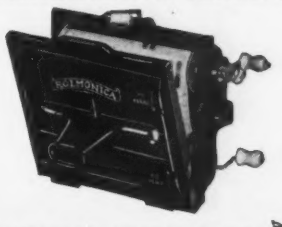
It can be carried in the pocket

The ROLMONICA is not a toy. It's a real, honest-to-goodness musical instrument that plays the identical music you'll hear on the regular size player-piano. And yet it's so compact you can carry it anywhere. It adds loads of fun to children's parties. Ideal for picnics, outdoor and everyday play.

The ROLMONICA costs only $2.50, including four rolls. Complete library of all the old favorites and the latest hits to choose from at 10¢ each. "That's My Weakness Now," "There's A Rainbow 'round My Shoulder," "Don't Be Like That," "I Faw Down An' Go Boom," "I'll Get By" and hundreds of others. New numbers added every month.

Nearly all dealers sell ROLMONICAS. If yours doesn't, send us his name, and we'll see that you're supplied.

ROLMONICA MUSIC CO., Baltimore, Md



ROLMONICA
The Pocket Player Piano

Ceresota Flour

BULLETIN:

Ceresota just can't help baking better bread, pies and cakes. Its milled from the finest northern grown wheat and its not bleached Try it

AT YOUR GROCER OR WRITE

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

COUPON

Painting Book for the Kiddies—10c
Big, beautiful 68-page—12 magnificently colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of beautiful Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting fairy story—cover in many colors and gold. Sent postage prepaid.

CLIP COUPON—MAIL TODAY

THE NORTHWESTERN CONSOLIDATED MILLING COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors.

CL-5

Name.....
Town.....
R. F. D.....
State.....

THE RAIN

Pitter, patter, on the pane,
Down the window comes the rain,
Making puddles in the street,
Wetting everybody's feet.

When the rain comes pouring down
In the country and the town,
All the people run for shelter,
This way, that way, helter! skelter!

DORIS RAY,
Age 11 Bryn Mawr, Pa.

WHY WE CHANGED HER NAME

One day our little kitty, Mary Ann, fell in the cistern. We heard the mewing; we looked in the cistern; there was Mary Ann. We put a long stick down. It wouldn't work. We put a pail down on a string, and it wouldn't work. One of us thought of a basket. One of us suggested a saucer of milk in the basket.

"It would splash," was the reply.

"Well, what if it does?" said the other.

So we put it down on the string. The kitty took one look in the basket and knew that that was the place for her. She climbed into the basket and we pulled the string.

Mary Ann was very dirty. We brought a bowl of warm water. Mary Ann was very good. We wrapped her in a towel and put her in the sun. One of us sat beside her. She looked very fluffy and puffy. She would put her paw out for us to hold, and we would put it back. Finally we held it.

As I have said, she looked fluffy and puffy; so we named her Fluff. This happened last summer in Michigan. I am six and a half years old.

Your little friend,
FELICITY MAY FONGER,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I was born in America, but when I was nine years old our family went to live in Europe, as my father is working with an American firm there. We live in a country which is out of the beaten track of most tourists. We live in Poland.

Poland is a very interesting country. Its old capital is Krakow, but the present one is Warsaw. Krakow is a very old town. On a high hill is the castle where most of the Polish kings were crowned and lived. It is called the Wawel (Vavel). The church there is beautiful. There is a dungeon under the castle, which I visited, about which a legend has been told.

It has been said that where Krakow now stands there was only a dense forest and a deep cave in which dwelt a dragon. He killed cattle and destroyed villages and crops of the surrounding peasants. Many a brave man was killed in the attempt to kill the dragon. At last a courageous youth, who was the son of a peasant, went forth to deliver his country from this monster. His name was Krakus. After a terrible battle the brave Krakus succeeded and his country was once more safe. The people, who were overjoyed, proclaimed him their king and built his castle on the hill. Thereafter, however, the cave was used as a dungeon. In honor of Krakus the town that grew up there was named Krakow.

I am on a visit to America and enjoy seeing my old home. I will soon be thirteen and then I can only be an honorary member of the Joy Givers' Club, but I'll always be a Joy Giver.

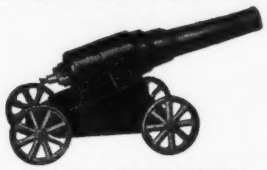
Your friend,
HORTENSE L. BROOKS,
Care of Giesche Spolka Akc.
Katowice, Poland.

NO MATCHES NO POWDER

"It doesn't hurt a bit"

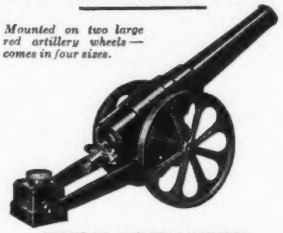
BIG-BANG

for celebrating and saluting, for military games, has the Glamor, the Flash and the Boom which appeal so strongly to every boy—and the SAFETY which appeals to sensible parents.



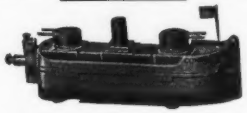
HEAVY ARTILLERY
Four red wheels, strong steel carriage.
No. 10W—Price $3.00—length 14 inches

Mounted on two large red artillery wheels—comes in four sizes.



FIELD ARTILLERY
No. 16F—Price $5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price $3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price $2.25—length 11 inches
No. 6F—Price $1.50—length 8 inches

BOMBING PLANE
Fired like any BIG-BANG. Each BANG spins the propeller. Wing spread 13 inches.
No. 11P—Price $3.50—length 11 inches



NAVY GUN-BOAT
Mounted on 4 wheels.
No. 9B—Price $2.00—length 9 inches

SAFETY PISTOL
A Real Pistol in looks, but safe for boys—black gun-metal—leather holster.
No. 6P—Price $2.00—length 8 inches

EXTRA SUPPLIES
Bangsite (ammunition) per tube 5.15
Spark Plug (igniter) per card..... .10

If your dealer cannot supply you, *send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.*

GUARANTEE—If the BIG-BANG is not entirely satisfactory, return it at once and your money will be refunded promptly.

The Conestoga Corporation
Main Office and Factory
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Are You Building Up Health for Your Child?

Sun bathing is most essential to the up-building of your child's health. You can best give your child sun baths by using the Climax "Sun Bath" (Reg.) Suit...Scientifically designed for correct exposure and protection and recommended and endorsed by eminent child-specialists and health institutions.

SNOOKUMS *Universal's Juvenile Screen Star wearing his* **CLIMAX SUN BATH SUIT**

Climax "Sun Bath" (Reg.) Suits are made of pure virgin wool. For comfort, appearance and long service they have non-stretchable straps, elastic hip binding and built-in crotch. For your child's protection, be sure to look for the Climax label and the hygienic glassine bag. Prices range from $1.65 to $2.65.

A Climax (Reg.) Slip-on creates a bathing ensemble for cool, cloudy, damp days.

A Sun Visor to protect the child's eyes is given *free* with every Climax "Sun Bath" (Reg.) Suit, sizes 2 to 6.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct.

"Health and Happiness for Your Children," a booklet of unusual interest to every mother, will be gladly mailed you *free* on request, together with a unique picture of Snookums for the children.

CLIMAX BATHING SUIT CO., Phila.

The Original

CLIMAX SUN BATH REG. SUIT

"Children Grow Best In Sunshine"

CLIMAX BATHING SUIT CO., Dept. A-1
3rd and Westmoreland Streets
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me *free* the booklet "Health and Happiness for Your Children." Also a unique picture of Snookums for the children.

Name _____

Address _____

THE MONKEY

Little monkey in the zoo,
Life is very gay for you.
When you want to you can swing,
Back and forth upon a ring.
You can do just what you choose,
Never have to black your shoes,
Never wash your hands and face,
Eat with forks or wait for grace.
Little monkey in the zoo,
Life is only play for you.

ELIZABETH BAKER,
Age 11 Albany, N. Y.

Drawn By
HELEN LOUISE WEATHERSLY

RODEO TIME IN TUCSON

Way out west on the border of Mexico and California is the state of Arizona. In the southern part of the state, in the center of the great American desert, is the city of Tucson, a city surrounded on all sides by high mountains. The mountain ranges are the Santa Catalinas, Rincon, Santa Rita and Tucson.

Spring comes early to this land of sunshine. In February the cattle rancher makes plans for the spring round-up of his cattle. As the thousands of visitors cannot go to the ranches, a big celebration or rodeo (round-up) is held in the city. A fenced field with grand stand and parking spaces is provided.

The trees in new green, the roses in bloom, flags flying, school dismissed, the whole town is out for a holiday. The rodeo starts with a big western parade through the business district. Prizes are given for the best entries. Cowboys with ten gallon hats and leather chaps, their spurs and silver saddle trimmings flashing in the sun, sit calmly on prancing ponies. The members of the Indian band, wrapped in gay blankets furnish weird music on their tom-toms. More riders or cow punchers, floats portraying the early history of Tucson, chuck wagons and stage coaches bring this colorful parade to an end.

After a quick lunch the crowd rushes to the afternoon events on the rodeo field. Between four and five thousand people crowd the grand stands. Men and women with cowboy hats, neckerchiefs of gay yellow or red and high boots give the western air to the crowd.

The band plays and the fun begins. Bronco riding, bull dogging, steer tying, calf roping and wild horse racing are the principal events. A purse is given as a prize to the lucky contestant in each event. Added prizes of silver cups, cowboy boots, hats, suits, chaps, spurs, saddles and bridles are given.

Too soon the sun sinks and "La Fiesta de los Vaqueros" is over.

Adios,

HELEN LOUISE WEATHERSLY,
Age 12 Tucson, Arizona.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

VACATION

above all times is just the time for COMPTONS

FOR here in COMPTON'S is all the knowledge in the world made as interesting as a story book. And here in vacation-time are all the children in the world released from school and with all their natural interests aroused.

They are in the parks, they are in the country, their eyes are seeing new things, their ears are hearing new sounds, their minds are fairly thrilling with new impressions.

They want to know about all these new things, and COMPTON'S tells them. Tells them in terms of their own understanding, and so not only fills them with greater knowledge happily gained, but inspires them to finer character-building and surer leadership.

Just try COMPTON'S for your children this vacation-time and see how naturally they take on this deeper sense of character and this broader sense of leadership when they return to their classrooms this fall.

Mail this coupon now, and we will send you a complete sample section of the wonderful Pictured Encyclopedia for Children, together with our FREE Questionario Game, which is a wonderful mental test of every child at every age. Our Educational Director will also send you full information as to how you can get this wonderful set of reference books for your children for as little as a first payment of $3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. Mail it now and solve your school problems in vacation-time.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

F. E. COMPTON & CO.,
Dept. 11-27 Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionario Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Get Acquainted With "The PLAYSKOOL Idea" In Your Own Home

Let us send you two PLAYSKOOL Animal Cut-out Lessons, which are typical of the occupational materials contained in PLAYSKOOL—The Home Kindergarten. You will be delighted with your child's eagerness to work with such materials — at his ability to concentrate on such simple tasks without urging or constant supervision.

An Enlightening Booklet For Busy Parents

With the sample PLAYSKOOL lessons you will receive an interesting new booklet called "Pre-School Training in The Home". Parents who have read it say that it has given them wholly new ideas on child training and pre-schooling. The regular price of this booklet is 35 cents.

Both For Ten Cents

Mail the attached coupon, with ten cents in stamps or coin, and we will mail you the PLAYSKOOL Cut-out lessons and the booklet. Also an illustrated folder describing PLAYSKOOL — The Home Kindergarten, and the PLAYSKOOL Extension Course.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
594 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

We want dealers and sales representatives everywhere to introduce PLAYSKOOL, The Home Kindergarten and the PLAYSKOOL Extension Course. Write for our proposition today.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE,
Milwaukee, Wis.
Gentlemen: CL6-29

☐ I accept your offer. Enclosed find ten cents for Animal Cut-outs and new booklet on Pre-School Training.

☐ Send me the PLAYSKOOL folder only.

Name of Parent.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Use These Handy SWABS

—for cleansing baby's nostrils, eyes, ears, navel. Q-Tips—Baby Gays are time-saving because they are cotton-tipped both ends (two swabs on each applicator.) Safe because sterilized and boric acid dipped. Endorsed by physicians and nurses. In dustproof, cellophane-wrapped packages, 25c and 50c. Sold everywhere—or write Dept. 22. **Q-Tips, Inc., 32 E. 31st St., New York.**

Q-TIPS BABY GAYS

MAKE A NATURE BOOK!

If you are a lover of nature like myself I will tell you how to make a nature book. You can either use this book for leaves or flowers or you can use it for both, whichever you choose.

Take two sheets of drawing paper (any other heavy paper will do); then take ten or fifteen sheets of plain white paper, inserting them between the two sheets of the drawing paper. After you have done this even up your paper and then punch a hole through the paper, one at either end. Then for the front of the book get a pretty picture of a tree or flowers or some other picture of nature. Above your picture print the word, *Nature.* You can put loose leaf notebook rings in the holes you have punched at each end, or you can put ribbon.

Now you must have material for your book. If you use this book for leaves you can gather fresh in ones the spring of the year. Be sure that you get the leaves off the trees and that they are the largest that you can get. As you gather the leaves put them in a book and put a weight on top of them; then put them up on a dry shelf. After they are thoroughly dried take and put them in your book. You can paste them in with transparent adhesive paper, which you can get at any book store, or you can take a little glue and spread a little on the end of each leaf.

Now for the description of your leaves. First, you must secure the name of your leaf. Suppose you had an oak leaf; you could use this description: "The oak is a tree commonly known in Ohio and Pennsylvania. It grows to be about 60 to 80 feet in height. The leaves appear in April or May."

If you wish to make one for flowers you would do it the same way, only you would press the flowers between ink blotters. If you put them between paper they will get brown. You also would put the description after the flowers, just the same as the leaves.

JANE MARIE SHIDEMANTLE,
Age 12 Petrolia, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo;:

Last year we went through the Bad Lands of North Dakota and it was a wonderful trip. We followed the Scenic Highway right through the buttes as far as Medora, and I have never seen such beautiful scenery. One sees almost every color on these buttes, and there are many different shapes. One looked like a huge turtle, one like an elephant, and another like a haystack. And in the petrified forest there were immense sand stone cliffs, whose shapes had been formed by the winds and rain, and these looked exactly like the pictures one sees in histories of the homes of Cliff Dwellers.

We also went to the Kildeer Mountain and climbed clear to the top. It was on this mountain that General Sully fought his famous battle with the Sioux Indians in 1864. The formations were very wonderful here, too. We passed through the Mysterious Cavern, and saw Medicine Hole where the Indians used to perform their religious rites. At the rear of the mountain were Needle Point and Signal Rock formations, and to the northwest was the Cave-in, where part of the mountain had just dropped right down out of sight. This was a very dangerous place.

One has to live right here in North Dakota to have a love for these wild places, and seeing them makes us realize the dangers the pioneers faced in order to make our state what it is to-day.

CECILIE JANE HENRY,
Jamestown, N. D.

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No MATTER where you live, your child may have Calvert instruction at home from Kindergarten to High School . . . under expert supervision. Calvert School furnishes books, supplies, and by mail supervises and guides the work of every pupil.

Established in 1897 as a day school, it has taught thousands of children at home and abroad by its long-distance instruction. "While resident in Egypt," an engineer writes, "we used the Calvert Home Instruction Courses for our daughter. On our return to America after 3 years, she entered fifth grade and has done the public school work with ease."

Your child can also have school without leaving the ideal environment of home.

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For descriptive booklet address

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DIETITIANS recognize the necessity of sugar for growing children. Being more rapidly oxidized than other food, sugar produces quick fuel to supply energy and heat for their bodies.

Syrup made with Mapleine supplies sugar in a pure, wholesome and delicious form. It helps you, too, in making a pleasing variation in their diet. Serve it on mush, plain puddings and children's desserts. Easily and quickly made—and surprisingly economical.

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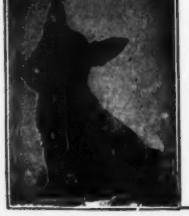

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Dhan Gopal Mukerji, winner of the Newbery Medal for 1928, has just finished a glorious book called **HINDU FABLES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.** It is full of fascinating pictures by Kurt Wiese, who made such a hit with his illustrations for *Bambi*, and *The Cradle of the Deep*. The stories are ones he heard during his childhood in India, "sort of quaint and funny," as Winnie-the-Pooh might say. $2.50

Filled with picturesque adventure and action is Agnes B. Chowen's book, **LIVING WILD.** An adventurous story of the children of the pioneers who settled in Montana, it is made exciting by the dozens of dangers that they encountered. Indians—Sitting Bull—thousands and thousands of buffalo—gold—a thrilling book for any child. $2.50

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 286-302 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. Publishers of the Milne Books. Two of the three Newbery Medals have been awarded Dutton Books in the past three years.

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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a stamp collection. I also have a recipe book. I am having all my girl friends write one of their favorite recipes in it.

I live not far from some of the noted places in California history. It is about an hour's drive to Monterey. I play on the same beach where little Louis Sanchez played in Robert Louis Stevenson's time. They were taking a motion picture at Point Lobos. The name of it was "Evangeline." We saw the village where the picture was being taken. It was interesting to see the houses with fronts and no backs. It all looked very real until you opened a door and saw the hills behind. They had a church with a graveyard, houses, barns, blacksmith shops, and even an orchard in blossom, which proved to be, upon close inspection, scrub oaks with tufts of cotton for the blooms.

I have a little sister named Carolyn and a dog named Trixie.

Your sincere friend,

BARBARA JOY,
Spreckels, Calif.

OUR TEN CENT PUPPIES

I live in the country and we have a big yard. In summer we play in it and have lots of fun. My brother, Billy, our playmate, Richy, and I liked to play with Bing and her puppies. Bing is a bull dog, with big black and white spots all over her. Her five puppies were cute and we wanted to show them off to everybody who passed our yard. Billy thought it would be good to start a dog show, and so Richy. Billy and I got two broken pieces of slate, and started to make a sign, which we stuck up in Daddy's front lawn.

The sign read this way, for you know we were only little boys then: "Pupps ten sents a look." People came by and never asked to have a look, but went on laughing. Our sign was written with chalk, so we rubbed *ten* out and made the price five. We couldn't get any callers or money; then we changed it to two cents. It was getting dark and we thought one cent would do, but Mother called us in for supper and our show was over. We had to take our sign down, and maybe when we are big men we can make money this way.

JOHN HOMER,
Age 7 Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Mother, Daddy, and I went to New Orleans summer before last. It was one of the most interesting trips I have taken. We went by train and enjoyed the changing views from our car windows. In Louisiana we saw the tall pine trees and flood waters in many places from the Mississippi flood. When we were close to New Orleans we had to cross the Mississippi on a ferry. The train was cut in two and the strings of cars backed on the ferry side by side; then the ferry crossed over to the other side. Here an engine waited to pull the cars off the boat. We went out on the ferry while crossing, so we could see the big river better.

Jackson Square is a beautiful old park with a statue of Andrew Jackson standing in the center. La Fayette was entertained here more than a hundred years ago. On either side are old buildings like our apartment houses, built by a Spanish nobleman long ago for royal persons to stay in when they visited New Orleans. In front of the square is a very old church, Saint Louis Cathedral. We went inside and saw the famous paintings hanging around the walls. Near the church was the prison where La Fitte, the pirate, was confined.

ALLIE SUE BUTLER,
Age 8 Mineral Wells, Texas.

SIMMONS *Cribs*

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Keeps little spines strong and straight

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ONLY 10¢ *for this special portable stove!*

HERE'S a new way to warm baby's bottle without even getting out of bed. No more chilly trips downstairs. Just set the little Sterno Stove, a warming pan and the bottle on a handy table ready for instant use at any time. No gas or electricity needed. Heat is supplied by Sterno Canned Heat—the safety fuel. Burns solid. No smoke, sparks or cinders.

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Child Life--6 29

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and his merry men still stalk the hearts of youth. Their thrilling story is their only weapon, and their willing captives number untold millions. No young heart has yet resisted; Robin Hood holds them all.

Robin Hood, by Edith Heal, is a new telling of this age-old classic. Finer than ever, Robin Hood the splendid Saxon lives again in every line. Dan Content painted the many full-page pictures that enhance the book.

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Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 296)

Next, he led the children up to a huge, bustling machine. "The paste we saw is poured into a hopper in the floor from which it empties into this industrious old fellow."

"Why, it's pouring tooth-paste into the tubes!" gasped Ruth.

"Seventeen to twenty-four are filled at once," said the Sergeant. "Notice how the paste pours in through the bottom?" He led them to another machine. "This monster pinches the bottom together, folds it, and closes a metal seal over the end, making this chemical proof tube absolutely waterproof, also."

"Now they are ready to be put in their boxes, aren't they?" asked Robert eagerly.

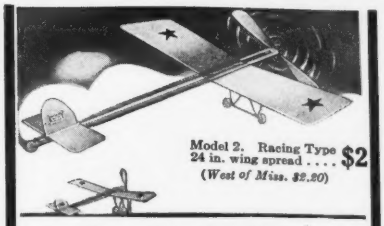
The guide agreed. "The tubes are placed in a 'feed' and deposited in this channel. Now watch!" A circular wrapped itself snugly around the tube! "That is the reading matter which every Colgate box contains," explained Sergeant Whiteteeth. Robert and Ruth nodded a reply for they were very busy watching cartons being pressed flat into a machine, opened by a knife, and the tube and circular tumble in head first.

"After the cartons are glued and sealed, the tooth-paste is ready to join the Clean-up Army in keeping folks healthy by making their teeth clean and white."

Sergeant Whiteteeth ended his Colgate story with a smart little gesture of finality.

The children were thanking him for their adventure, when suddenly a voice boomed out, "Here! Here! Falling asleep in my waiting-room?" Robert and Ruth blinked at this sudden change, but suspected that this might be more Colgate magic. Then each took his turn in the Doctor's "trick" chair

"Well," laughed Doctor Barcroft, when the examination was over, "if all my patients had such clean, white teeth as you have, I wouldn't have any trouble at all! I'll wager you wash them at least twice a day with—Ah, ha! I see it now! You each are wearing a Colgate Health Club pin!" He whispered to them mysteriously, "*We* know that the magic for clean teeth is Colgate's, don't we?"



Model 2. Racing Type 24 in. wing spread $2
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AT LAST!—what every child has been longing for—a toy plane that actually "takes off" from the ground like a real plane! The Kingsbury "Silver Arrow"—new thriller of the air. Just wind up the propeller and let 'er go! She's off like a flash.... faster.... faster.... faster.... gathering speed with every whirl of the propeller—then—ZOOM!—and she's into the air on a long, continuous flight. A fully-built plane—*not a construction toy.* A few moments to assemble and it's ready to fly. Wings and body of light Balsa wood reinforced with aluminum braces; aluminum propeller; strong elastic motor. Four Models: No. 1, Racing Type, wing spread 18 in. $1; No. 2, Racing Type, wing spread 24 in. $2; No. 21, Cabin Type, wing spread 22 in. $2.50; No. 22 Cabin Type, wing spread 26 in. $3.50. (West of Miss. $1.10, $2.20, $2.75, $3.85). If your dealer hasn't this Kingsbury thriller, order direct. Kingsbury Mfg. Co., 801 Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

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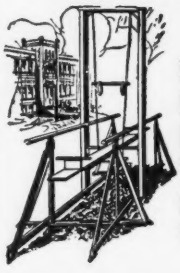

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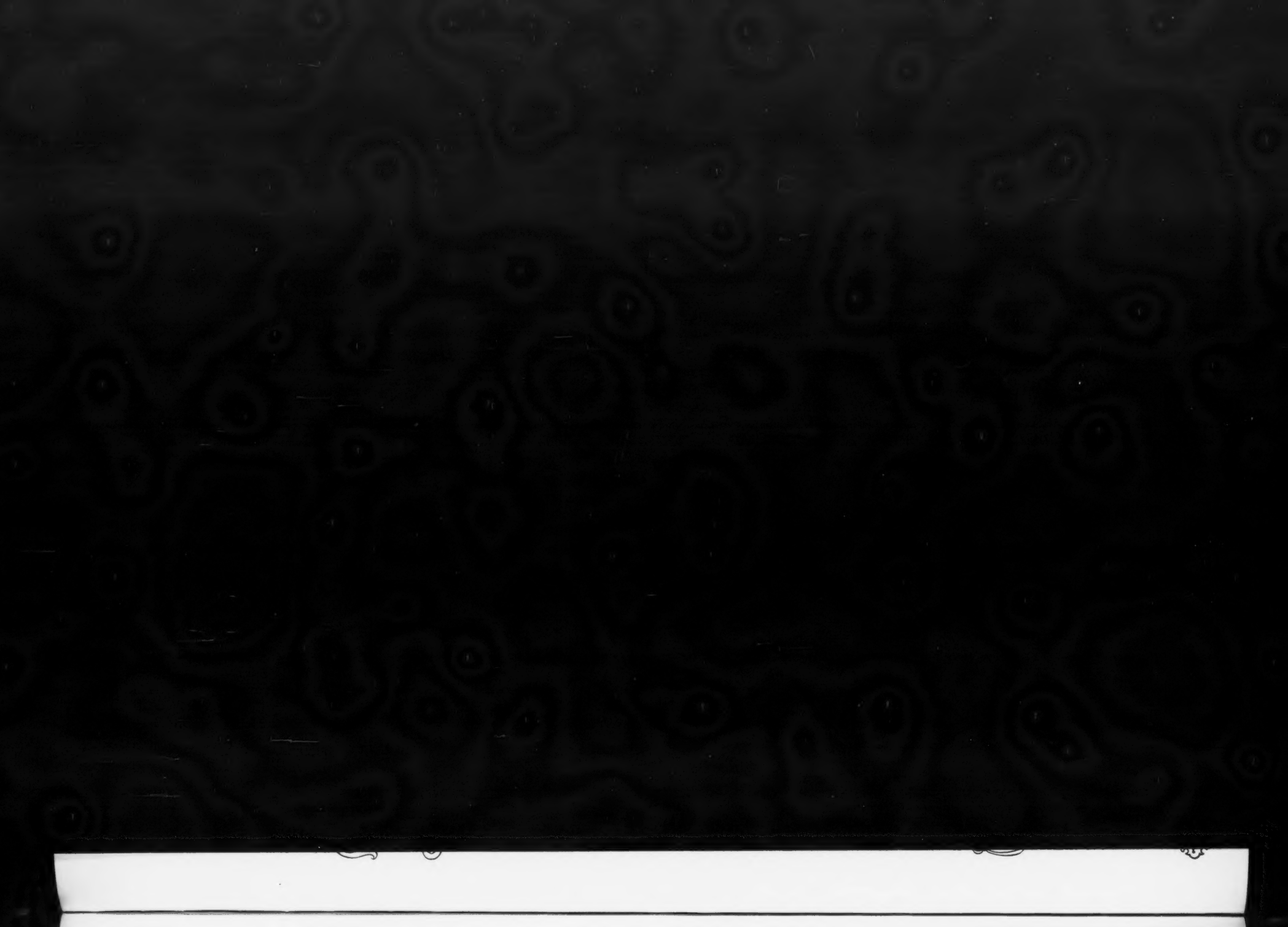
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